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FLOWER PIECES

By Padraic Colum

MORNING-GLORIES

Morning with its stillness, and these flowers
Offering themselves above the trellises and saying
That there 's a noon before our heated noon :
Their forms are but veils that hold the white,
Purple and blue of that undialled noon
Whose memory they offer us, these flowers
That fall not into sleep, that broken death,
But give their lives as day turns past our noon.

LILIES

At the White Mass
The word 's not said
That consecrates ;
The bread stays bread,
The wine is wine . . .
These Lilies hold
As for that rite
Their chalices ;
The Mass is white,
But they are garnished
As for the miracle
That turns the natural
Into supernal.

WALLFLOWERS

And if we mount the sills of walls,
 Or set our bunches on the top,
 'Tis not to flaunt our reds and yellows
 But that the mosses and stone-crop
 Are proud to have us in their close,
 We Wallflowers who are the fellows
 Of Tulip, Hyacinth and Rose.
 The beauties of the family
 We are not—that we know and own;
 The garden's outer shades have we:
 Here one may come, a memoried man
 Who'll lift his head—"That honey-smell!"
 He'll say "That dusky, musky red,
 The yellow, well-washed in the showers!
 Tulip and Hyacinth and Rose,
 And Lily—they are very well,
 (Even Lily in her special bed!)
 But none's as pleasant as Wallflowers!"

MARIGOLDS

Bring Marigolds to me out of your garden,
 The days are darkning and the suns are low;
 Like fervencies in honest hearts enkindled,
 Your Marigolds will glow.

Rondures enkindled and as deeply glowing,
 As any growing on Hesperides,
 And yet familiar as the name they honour,
 The name of Mary, these!

TO A SPIRIT SEEN IN A DREAM

By Lord Dunsany

And so, dishonest ghost, you found not Heaven,
 As your night-roaming seems to testify;
 For lately through a dream you drifted by,
 As though you wandered from the unforgiven
 To find again these fields, where you have striven
 So often to set up some clever lie
 Against the simple truth, which to your eye
 Was far beneath the brains that you were given.

I seemed to see you volatile and light
 And full of vanity, with purpose vain,
 Blown by bad causes through the endless night
 Blindly on rocky stars, and on again.
 And, as you go, the foolish tales you tell
 Trouble with echoes the grim walls of Hell.

Two Poems by Padraic Fallon :

THREE STRAWS

THE MIRRORS

I bless the north and south and east,
The west where I was born I bless, . . .
Four impersonal mirrors that swing at me
The sea-cold currents of her face.

THE STRANGER

At dawn her mind mixed in my mind ;
And I who thought I knew each light
Drift and swirl
Of that warm girl
Cried out as though a sudden wind
Had alighted on me ; as though I had heard
There in the wide cold end of night
Harsh wings hushed upon my breast . . .
And plucked in terror from my rest
Had stared in the eye of some great desert bird.

THE EGG

I wait on one odd hour of the day
When from the quiet body soul can rise,
Having laid in sense her milkwhite egg,
Cackling like some queer bird of Paradise.

I might be happy could I know
To what fantastic midden-heap she'll go
Scratching with a gold-clawed leg . . .
And what sun-gaudy cock will she hear crow.

JOURNEY OUT

This royal last illusion going
Its progress through my beggar's guts sets me to sing
Of miracle in earth and air.
Am I then like that old eastern king,
Whose mind dry as an almanac took fire
As he caught therein the swirl of the star,
To seek beyond the date-gardens and the walled wells
And the pipes and the women singing, beyond the travelling
 camels
And the desert's hell
Where only death exists
A stable . . .
And Love there cradled with the beasts.

THE BLIGHT IN DONEGAL

By Michael Scot

A little mist : no more
 A little mist that you would hardly see
 Comes suddenly
 Where all was green before
 A sort of greyness that you'd hardly call
 A mist at all
 Seems to arise
 A little greyness that might easy be
 Just on your eyes.

A drift of foggy dew
 A stilly patch of dew that will not lift
 But seems to shift,
 Like an ill dream come true,
 Against your will, into your waiting sight :
 So thin, so light
 A wisp of fog
 That any minute it might break and drift
 Off to the bog.

Maybe but yesterday
 All the strong plants were fair and full of pride
 No leaf has died
 No flower gone astray
 Only a dimness lies just in one place
 (*Have pity Queen of Grace !*
A wild bee hums
In the soft golden sun of summertide) :
 So the blight comes. . . .

It may be but last night
The plants shone comely as the sun went down :
No leaf is brown
No blossom shines less white
But o'er a few bright leaves something has curled
For all the world
Like the black frost
An unseen chill, that darkly drizzles down
Yet is not lost.

A little frosty breath
Stealing out of the air—a wizen thief
But ah my bitter grief !
It is the Death !
May God and all His holy angels stand
Betwixt this land
And that chill drift
That falls on the potatoes fine green leaf
And will not lift.

A DOMESTIC MARKET

By Margaret Blundell

IT may seem a far-fetched comparison to liken the conditions in the American States after the War of Independence to that of Ireland at the present day, owing to the fact that Ireland is a single country, and that thirteen states or English-speaking countries originally banded themselves into the commonwealth since known as the United States of America. And yet the comparison need not seem so wide of the mark if it be remembered that there is no great disparity in numbers between the white population of all the thirteen states together in 1790 and that of Ireland now; and that the new American nation faced the future crippled by debt, its only assets the undeveloped land itself. For the first few years it was led by men who had grown up in what may be termed the imperial school: men who, while they desired a complete severance with the old country, determined to adhere to the practical methods of government inherited from her in so far as these would fit in with republicanism. They were followed by men of another school who passionately sought not only severance with the old country but with the old world.

Washington, the first President of the United States, appointed his friend and military aide-de-camp, Alexander Hamilton, as first Secretary to the Treasury. Hamilton was a young man of genius who while in camp and on the march during the War of Independence, was already deeply preoccupied with the financial problems which remained to be solved when the war was won. In his first report to Congress on the National Credit couched, as were all his reports, in the stately English of the day, he wrote: "The Secretary . . . ardently wishes to see it incorporated as a fundamental maxim in the system of public credit of the United States, that the creation of debt shall always be accompanied by the means of extinguishment. This he regards as the true secret for rendering public credit immortal. . . . While the observance of that good faith which is the basis of public credit is recommended by the strongest inducements of political expediency, it is enforced by considerations of still greater authority. There are arguments for it which rest on the immutable principles of moral obligation."

The report, which was adopted by Congress, proposed the

funding of all the debts, both internal and European, incurred in the prosecution of the war, and that the nett profit from the Post Office be placed in the hands of a trust and devoted to the gradual discharge of the debt. Revenue for meeting the expenses of government and interest on the debt was provided by existing and additional duties on goods which were then considered as luxuries—wines, spirits, tea and coffee. Hamilton's proposals for attracting money to the support of the bankrupt government were widely varied in order to appeal to *different classes of creditors*. Elderly and childless persons were drawn to sink their money in government annuities rather than invest it in ordinary government stocks; working-folk, saving for the future, subscribed in the interim to short term loans at a rate of interest calculated to appeal to them; to business-men it was pointed out that no country could offer so good security as the United States owing to their position far from war-ravaged Europe, and their vast unsettled lands.

"The Secretary thinks it advisable," he wrote, "to hold out various propositions, all of them compatible with the public interest, because it is, in his opinion, of the greatest consequence that the debt should, with the consent of the creditors, be remoulded into such a shape as will bring the expenditure of the nation to a level with its income."

Within three months of the adoption of the Report on Public Credit, the revenue which it provided bade fair largely to exceed the amounts for which appropriations had been made, and Hamilton ear-marked the surplus for purchases of the public debt by the Government.

The Secretary of the Treasury next demanded the creation of a National Bank. No bank existed in any of the states and in some of them commodities were still used as currency. The Government was to have the right of investigation and inspection of the Bank's business, but no part in its management. The Bank was empowered to advance loans not exceeding fifty thousand dollars to assist projects for the development of the country. (The entire debt for which provision had to be made, with its accumulated interest, amounted to less than seventy-five million dollars, a sum that would scarcely have covered the expenditure of England alone for three days during the Great War.)

The United States were still buying all their manufactured

articles in Europe and exposing them to the hazards of war in the long voyage in foreign ships, before they reached their American destination. In 1791 the Secretary to the Treasury submitted to Congress a "Report on Manufactures" in which he wrote :

"A domestic market is greatly to be preferred to a foreign one because it is in the nature of things far more to be relied upon . . . the idea of an extensive domestic market for the surplus produce of the soil is of the first consequence. It is of all things that which conduces to a flourishing state of agriculture."

Ireland to-day needs a domestic market to absorb her agricultural produce far more urgently than did the United States a hundred and fifty years ago. It was essential for them to attract an immigrant population to fill their empty spaces, while Ireland now seeks to make a home within her borders for her young working folk who in former generations emigrated. To keep them she must feed them, and to feed them she must employ them. She is trying to solve the problem of how to remain an agricultural country and at the same time manufacture her own requirements.

Another quotation from Hamilton's Report may be of interest here. In his day his country needed clothes, boots, harness, agricultural implements and domestic ware of all sorts : he urged her not to buy from the foreigner but to keep such money as she possessed in circulation among her own people. Financial expediency weighed less in his calculations than the more exalted aim of training a nation.

"When all the different kinds of industry obtain in a community," he wrote, "each individual can find his proper element, and can call into activity the whole vigour of his nature . . . To cherish and stimulate the activity of the human mind by multiplying the objects of enterprise, is not among the least considerable of the expedients by which the wealth of a nation may be promoted. Even things in themselves not positively advantageous sometimes become so by their tendency to promote exertion. Every new scene which is opened to the busy nature of man to rouse and exert itself, is the addition of a new energy to the general stock of effort. The spirit of enterprise, useful and prolific as it is, must necessarily be contracted and expanded in

proportion to the simplicity or variety of the occupations and productions which are to be found in society. It must be less in a nation of mere cultivators than in a nation of cultivators and merchants; less in a nation of cultivators and merchants than in a nation of artificers, cultivators and merchants. . . . The aggregate prosperity of agriculture and the aggregate prosperity of manufactures are intimately connected. . . . The interests of the revenue are promoted by whatever promotes an increase of national industry and wealth."

These premises, originally set forth for the guidance of men living on vast undeveloped territories, should nevertheless prove inspiring to Irishmen at the present moment. Ireland has indeed, in common with other countries, adopted the fiscal system advocated by Hamilton. But from the point of view of her ultimate prosperity it seems relevant to ask whether she is pursuing this policy as a *palliative* of the effects of England's tariffs, as an *expedient* to help the country through a difficult moment, or with deliberately *constructive* aims, such as were Hamilton's in the case of the United States a hundred and fifty years ago? In the plan mapped out by that fertile brain no avenues were left without an ending: he designed to lead the nation's money through divers channels, bringing fertility to many fields of activity, but always returning to its source in the nation's *own* wealth. As an illustration of his design it may be permissible to confront him in imagination with the present problem of Ireland's meat surplus: in place of the expedients actually resorted to—the bounty for export, the price per hundredweight fixed by law, and the distribution of free meat, would he not rather have suggested prohibition, by a process of gradual diminution, of the export of hides; temporary subsidies to tanneries and factories for making agricultural fertilisers from butchers' offal; bounties to home-manufactured leather goods from home-produced leather, and domestic articles made from home-produced horn? By galvanising new activities and so promoting enterprise, would he not rather have sought to enable more men to buy their own meat in the market than to give them meat for which they had not worked merely that it might be consumed? By spreading the value of every beast slaughtered over the whole carcase, instead of expecting the best joints to carry the major part of the profits, new outlets would be found for the wealth contained within the frame of every bullock, much of which is at present unproductive.

The eleven means suggested by Hamilton as useful for the fostering of manufactures are here given ; and after each item is added in italics an example as to how he might conceivably have applied those means in Ireland to-day, to form a rounded and coalescing policy aimed at making the country self-supporting by degrees. Every country now has recourse to some or all of these expedients in greater or less degree in the effort to protect its markets. It is here merely proposed to try and contemplate Ireland's problems with Hamilton's eyes and in imagination to picture him *inaugurating* her fiscal system by :

1. Protective duties. *On all luxuries.*
2. Prohibition of rival articles or duties equivalent to prohibition. *Saddlery, boots and shoes, linen and woollen goods.*
3. Prohibition of the Exportation of the Materials of Manufactures. *Hides. Wool.*
4. Pecuniary Bounties. *On the lowest priced homespun material of a given standard of quality.*
5. Premiums to small mills and factories to meet the needs of each district. *For the planting of orchards ; for afforestation schemes.*
6. The exemption of the materials of manufacture from duty. *Coal. Ore and metals.*
7. Drawbacks of duties which are imposed on materials of manufacture. *Cotton in the piece. Wood.*
8. The encouragement of new inventions and discoveries. *Small subsidies to facilitate manufacture of useful patents.*
9. Judicious regulations for the inspection of manufactured commodities.
10. The facilitation of pecuniary remittances from place to place. (The pressing difficulties which clogged the circulation of money in the newly United States of America exists nowhere to-day.) *Government support of credit for efficiently worked and useful new enterprises would meet the modern need.*
11. The facilitating of the transportation of commodities. *Lower frieghts, if necessary assisted by subsidies for a short term of years.*

It goes without saying that the processes by which Hamilton sought to achieve the result he aimed at in his own country and

in his own day, were to have been gradual in their application. By numbers 4 and 5, applied to Ireland to-day we may suppose, to take an instance, that he would have promoted the manufacture of woollen and coarse linen wearing apparel at a price within the reach of the people, from home-grown wool and flax.

Here be it said that if mass production is to be avoided, and the Irish man and woman mean to wear cloth which their land has produced, they cannot expect to pay so low a price for their clothes as they have been accustomed to give for factory-made goods. Where food is cheap, a little more could be paid for garments made by Irish hands in small businesses, these designed to meet the needs of each district. In other European lands the country folk wear cream-coloured linen of their own spinning from flax grown in their own fields. In Belgium the housewife has the clip from a few ewes tended by herself made up into blankets or other woollen material for the use of her own household. In the English countryside of old times the weaver plied his craft in every village. Let Ireland raise fewer geese and turkeys and grow more flax; let her drain some of her bogs and grow timber for a future generation to convert into furniture. These things are not done in a day certainly and nothing is so obvious as the fact that where a country is altering her system of life, she must also alter her system of education. To show the children the past is useless unless they are taught to select from it useful knowledge for the building of the future.

It was not by pointing to the stagnant waters of the Pontine Marshes that Signor Mussolini secured the draining of them, it was by presenting the golden fields of the future to the imagination of the nation that he roused enthusiasm. It was not by giving the workless more food than the worker could afford to pay for, that the great labour was accomplished: it was by giving his men land, implements and cattle on a lenient system of credit, but at an inexorable rate of interest on the value of the whole. Capital on which to launch the gigantic venture was obtained through the payment of a high rate of interest on a government guaranteed loan. For the populating of the reclaimed area Italy was fortunate in being able to call up a people in close touch with the soil. Such a people awaits direction in Ireland where every man has the instincts of a farmer, where every woman can make butter.

The truth long proclaimed by students of catholic philosophy is at length being generally recognised : namely, that education which does not include handcraft is incomplete. And now it is further accepted that recreation must assist education ; the ambition of young folks who have left school needs the stimulation of competition in their own districts ; the distribution of certificates of merit and prizes at local shows for the best grown vegetables, the best reared calf, the best homespun garment, the best home-made jam, bottled fruit, bread, etc., the best hand-made shoes and so on, would keep their interest awake. For the head-workers prizes could be awarded for the best essays on problems of moment to their country. Such classes already exist in connection with all large agricultural shows, but we want far more local interest, consequently more local shows. A youth who has passed an examination in agricultural knowledge often receives little encouragement on his father's farm to practise what he has learned. Energetically worked Young Farmers' Clubs in every village or group of villages, would help him to achievement. Again, girls may be fired with the desire to benefit their country while at school but it is difficult for them to visualise how this may be done by wearing home-manufactured goods on their backs. Yet that coarse, gaily-embroidered linen of Slav countries pays a high duty when imported into other lands that the well-to-do may wear it. Such material and such embroidery could be produced by Irish girls for their own apparel. There are no more nimble fingers at embroidery than theirs, but the fine work on very fine linen at which they are such adepts makes the resultant goods too valuable for ordinary wear. They should turn their attention to home-produced material for ordinary home wear, rather than to high-priced goods which will have to seek a foreign market and probably face a tariff before they can enter it.

It will be said that the young folks like the variety to be found in cheap foreign clothes ; that the children take more readily to brain work than to handwork.

The answer to such objections is that enthusiasm goes far, and that youth assimilates enthusiasm as naturally as the body assimilates air. *Fresh* enthusiasm is analogous to *fresh* air, each in its sphere.

If Hamilton's Report on Manufactures had been adopted by Congress and its recommendations energetically put into effect by

the new republic, a different history of the Nineteenth Century might have been written : for he designed that the United States should mind their own business, leaving European countries to do likewise. But the report was rejected by Hamilton's contemporaries. The proposal to introduce manufactures by direct government intervention may well have seemed to them uncalled for while lands of unknown extent awaited the axe and the plough, their mineral wealth unprobed, their vast tracts of virgin forest unpenetrated. These tremendous assets established the new nation at once in an unrivalled position for trading with Europe.

When the political party opposed to Hamilton's came into power a few years later, it found the country already growing rich. The commerce of all nations, flying from the chaos to which the Napoleonic Wars had reduced Europe, sought outlet in the remote quiet of the New World. The rapidly-developing country had need of all the manufactured goods that could be supplied to it, and the tariffs paid by these brought in such ample revenue that Jefferson's government was able to dispense with other taxes altogether. Thus, through the force of external circumstances, the fiscal system which gradually grew up was devoid of cohesion ; it was responsible for the vast fortunes made from the export of raw materials to the old world and their return as manufactured goods, for that supreme crime against civilisation—the industrialisation of England. Cheap products from the United States overwhelmed the British farmer and drove his labourer into the towns there to struggle for life on cheap foreign flour, in an unprotected labour market ; to work himself, with his wife and children, as so many machines until machinery again drove them forth to starve.

With reason indeed it may be urged that of all the countries in the world the United States is the one which friends of Ireland would least wish to see her resemble at the present day. May all that is implied in the words *mass production*—giant factories in sordid towns, accumulation of great fortunes in a few hands—remain for ever far from Irish shores. Hamilton designed that the money made in the United States should circulate in them, and not be sent abroad to purchase necessities made by the foreigner which in his estimation could and should be manufactured within the confines of the Commonwealth by its own subjects. To those who would ask where the money is to come from to pay

bounties, subsidies and premiums—however small these may be—in Ireland to-day, the answer is that she is *already paying them*. But are they earning an increase for her, or are they costly palliatives for the troubles incidental to the dislocation of an old system?

There is money in Ireland but a fiscal system which aims merely at retaliation leads it nowhere; one which aims at Protection achieves mere protection; might not one which aimed at creation achieve creation? The creation of large dividends is not here meant, it need hardly be said, but the creation of prosperity, on the lines indicated by Leo XIII, for the fulfilment of which "each one must receive his due share, and the distribution of created goods must be brought into conformity with the demands of the common good or social justice."¹

No country is in a better position than Ireland to begin now the ordering of her national life under the teaching of the great Pontiff of Social Reform.

¹ Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*.

THE HEAD OF A MAN

By Llewelyn Powys

Enough ! Put the skull back beneath the sod,
And let the earth fall on it—It is over—
A human life—and all his thoughts that were
Not very wise, not much concerned with God,
But big enough the whole round world to cover,
Like mice have scuttled back into the air.

IT is not always easy to know what thoughts people are entertaining in their heads. I find I am continually being deceived.

A child is born, is laid in a cradle ; there follow certain dream years when the spirit in its covering of flesh, in its " habitation of bones," moves to and fro across the face of the earth, and then, in a moment, swift as the flight of a sand-martin, it returns once more to its state of non-existence. Between a wicker cradle and a boarded coffin there is what ?—a sequence of sensations, of experiences, of memories, and that is all.

I made the acquaintance of Grandfather Jack when I was staying last summer at Pilsdon Gap. I was lodging in a fisherman's cottage which belonged to the old man's son, Ambrose Baggs. The cottage was an old-fashioned one, with a charming bay window which gave a good view of the sea, and whose inside sill was filled with shells and fossils. It was a house that suggested holidays, with a strip of dry seaweed for a weather glass hanging by the door. As a matter of fact, the small establishment did not depend for its livelihood upon summer visitors, for Ambrose himself worked hard at his fishing trade. I would hear him going out and coming in at all times of the day and night. To earn a living by fishing is no easy matter at the present time. To begin with the weather conditions count for so much, and then the stability of the fish market has been thrown out by the intrusion of the trawlers ; these large, efficient vessels sweeping up most of the fish in the Channel, and then disburdening the whole of their enormous catches at Billingsgate. Even when the local fishermen do have a stroke of luck, the price of their baskets of fish immediately drops in proportion to the number they have caught.

Grandfather Jack was ninety years old and no longer went out with the boats. He used to spend his days walking along a deserted stretch of beach to the west of the town, looking out for scraps of driftwood, which he would tie together with a piece

of rope he always carried with him, and bring back over his shoulders. It used to please me to watch him at his self-imposed task; the tall figure of this aged man, stooping over the pebbles and then moving on again. At such times he would be entirely engrossed in what he was doing; these accidental gleanings of firewood being all that remained to him to reap, out of the vast harvest of the sea from which for so long he had got a living. Sometimes when I walked in that direction I would stop and have a few words with him, and on these occasions he would never look at me, but keep his gull's eyes, his predatory gull's eyes, directed towards the sea.

I used to try to envisage the past days of this old man's life, so many and so many. I would think of the innumerable boats that had been hauled up by him over the chattering pebbles, of the countless quick fish he had handled, disentangling them from the meshes of nets, flickering and miraculous. How many times those ancient grey eyes must have looked up at the stars in their stations, looked up at them in the early hours of the morning as he stepped out on to the cold front, looked up at them as he sat at the back of tossing fishing boats, boats smelling of tar and bilge water, while sudden splashes of salt sea spray lashed against his cheeks. I suppose he must have trodden up the steps leading from the harbour thousands upon thousands of times, and passed Tom Searle's tavern at the corner where the flagstaff stands, as he trudged homewards to his small cottage, with its neat bay window painted white, cheerful with salt sunshine.

He was a formidable old man to look at. He used to wear a fisherman's peaked hat from under which his matted white locks would poke out over his large red ears. He had long upright eyebrows that gave his countenance a very fierce aspect. I imagine as a young man he must have been handsome.

The only other inmate of the cottage, besides Mrs. and Mr. Baggs, was their daughter, Lil, whom for some reason everybody used to call Pippin. Lil was twelve years old and a great favourite with her Grandfather. Indeed, the old man's life seemed to have but two interests now, driftwood and Pippin. After I had been in the cottage for a week or two I did not wonder at his infatuation; for the child certainly had a way with her. Very pretty, very quick, and extremely naughty she seemed half an angel and half a daughter of Satan. I made friends with her first in the tiny

backyard behind the cottage. She had rescued a fledgling from the mouth of her tom cat, Muffy, and from the top of a high valerian-covered wall was trying to put the young swallow back into its nest under the eaves of the house. It was a most dangerous thing she was attempting and every moment I thought she was going to fall. I entreated her to come down and promised to go and borrow a ladder from the post office across the street, and this I did.

Afterwards we became great friends. Whenever she saw me on the front or walking along the causeway she would come flying after me, and almost immediately begin to terrify me, either by letting herself down to the lowest parapet so that her tennis shoes were touched by the waves, or by performing a series of gymnastic feats on the railing above the sands, her petticoats fluttering white. I never quite knew what to talk to her about. Once I asked her for how long the swallows had nested at her house. "For donkey's years," she answered, and she gave me one of her most engaging glances, as, with the agility of a monkey, she pulled herself clean over the top bar of the railing. "They have been there," she continued as soon as she was once more upright upon her feet, "as long as Granfer Jack has been alive and that is longer than the longest donkey's years." Whenever I went out in the backyard, which I had to do every day, I would see the old tom cat watching the nests under the eaves with malign patience, I suppose hoping in his evil heart that another nestling would fall into his power. His vigils, however, would not be altogether tranquil, for the parent birds would constantly keep sweeping down upon him from the wide sky above the valerian wall, almost touching his fur in their swift skimming flights of aggression.

One morning in the dog days of July, when the season was at its height, I was surprised to come upon Grandfather Jack seated upon a bench above the sea front. I went up to him. Apparently he was not feeling well and had been unable to get as far as the beach he usually frequented. The old man was observing the holiday makers with concentrated hostility. He looked like some baleful sea-faring Balaam who had come to curse the gay hosts below. There was a foolish fellow dressed up in kilts playing upon a bagpipe by the water's edge. A small boy was running to and fro picking up the pennies that were

thrown to him. As far as the eye could see the shore was packed with young people enjoying themselves. I did not speak to Grandfather Jack, I was intent to imprint upon my memory the old fellow's appearance as he sat there, out of the past, in his ragged blue jersey, patched trousers, and with his coarse grey socks falling in folds over his rough seamen's boots. He remained unaware of my presence. In the attitude of Rodin's "Penseur" he was muttering to himself; he was saying over and over again "Sons of Belial, Daughters of Babylon." Ho! ho! I thought, so you are another of these old rascals who cannot bear to see anybody making love, and especially not boys and girls in the heyday of their youth. I felt, I confess, slightly disaffected with the old curmudgeon. I never have cottoned much to these people who try to make life into a matter of work and nothing else. I agree with the wife of Simon of Southampton in Thomas Deloney's story when she said to her husband: "What is life if it be not mixt with some delight?" I stepped away without his having noticed me. "Sons of Belial, Daughters of Babylon" I heard him say again.

That very evening the old man had a seizure. The doctor kept him in bed all through the month of August. He was not an easy patient and gave Mrs. Baggs a good deal of trouble. It used to get on my nerves to hear her trudging up and down to his room so faithfully. His mind had been affected, and as Pippin put it "Granfer Jack be always ranging and rambling in his head."

I was glad enough when I could get out of the house. Because the seaside town was so crowded it became a habit with me to walk westward along the undercliff which they called "the landslide," and which lay above the driftwood beach. One morning when Mrs. Baggs brought in my breakfast she asked me if I would mind taking Pippin out with me that afternoon as some rather "particular friends" were coming to tea and she thought the child might be in the way. Pippin turned out to be a capital companion. She danced along at my side like a little attendant elf, now racing forward to hide in the ferns, now for a few steps holding my hand. She wore a straw hat with a broad brim encircled with a red ribbon under which she slipped the red poppies we picked. I was really charmed by the expedition. She took me to a hidden grove. "A savage place!" as holy and enchanted

as e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted by woman wailing for her demon-lover!" She said that Granfer Jack had taken her there at Easter and had told her that its name was Pugs' Glade. It was a most lovely place, overgrown now with bracken and foxgloves and tall phallic-shaped golden mulleins. It was a very faery place, utterly hidden away, and with open spaces of softest green grass lying in the afternoon's sun, eldritch still as the shadows of the upright foxgloves lengthened. Pippin insisted upon my examining the foxglove bells and I peered up into many of their interiors, delicate mottled tunnels grown thick with tiny hairs! She covered her grubby little girl's fingers with these gay floral finger-stalls. When we came back we could hear the old man still mumbling to himself above stairs.

There came a day when he was strong enough to go out of doors again. He set off at once for his favourite beach, but the walk proved too much for him. When I went out for my morning stroll there he was leaning against the sea-wall scarcely a hundred yards from the cottage. Having nothing better to say I asked him about the weather. He did not answer. His bewildered mind was full of a profound melancholy. Probably for the first time in his life he had realized what it was to be too weak to do what one has set one's heart upon doing. He was, of course, unable to explain his trouble, and if it had been possible for him to do so he would probably be too proud. He just remained leaning against the sea-wall, but as I turned away I saw great childish tears begin suddenly to roll down his wrinkled weathered face. It troubled me to see him, and I kept wondering what I could possibly do for the aged, wilful egoist. The idea of hiring a bathchair came into my head. With the help of such a conveyance he could at least be taken as far as his beloved driftwood beach under the lovely place he called Pug's Glade.

I made arrangements that a bath chair should call at the cottage the following day. In the morning Mrs. Baggs dressed up the old man for the expedition and led him down the stairs. It was a bright morning and I came out of my sittingroom to see the departure. Grandfather Jack advanced along the narrow passage with all the excitement of a boy who has a premonition that some adventure has been prepared for him. The bath chair with its respectable, soberly attired attendant was ready waiting at the door. On seeing me the man touched his hat and began with

obsequious alacrity opening the slanting doors of his carriage. The very second Grandfather Jack saw the chair, with its handle for pushing behind, and its rod for pulling in front, he swung round on his heels and thrusting Pippin back against the umbrella stand, without saying a word, retreated upstairs to his room as fast as he could go. Pippin was the first to laugh and I could not blame her, for it was comical to see the old chap "beat it," without a word said, as if he had seen the devil. He never left his room again. I truly believe it was the shock of the bath chair that finally killed him. In his aged mind this invalid's vehicle represented a last ignominy, his ultimate humiliation. For days his incoherent talk went on the same as ever. Often he was never silent all through the night. Whenever I happened to wake I would hear him indulging in his interminable monologues. Pippin would sometimes sit with him in the day. Mrs. Baggs was nervous about leaving him alone in his queer state.

Then there came one of those wild mornings of wind and rain that so often in early September torment seaside visitors. The gale whistled round the thatched roof of the small house and the rain lashed against the window and drove in under the sill where the shells stood. I had asked Lil to try to remember any words she could make out of her Grandfather's mutterings. I had become eager to know what was at work in the mind of this tough nonagenarian who went on chattering, day and night, like a magpie. Was he, perhaps, speculating about his chance of getting to heaven; or recalling draughts of deep sea fishes—fat herring, or rainbow mackerel, pulled up from the sea in the days of the Prince Consort, when there was still a beacon kept ready on the Golden Cap as at the time of the Armada?

In the late evening, when, putting down my book, I had just gone to the window to see how the wind-scourged sea was looking in the dusk, Pippin came running into the room. I never saw her looking more mischievous. "I heard what Granfer said this time. I heard it proper." "What was it?" I asked. "Mercy, he did give I a fright. The room were getting dark and there weren't no candle to light, and all of a sudden-like Granfer grabbed hold of that old rope end what he do use to pull 'enself up and looking at me straight like, he says: 'Go fetch me best shoes, for I must go up to Pug's Glade for to meet my maid. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Granfer Jack have a' lost his buttons and no mis-

take." As a matter of fact those must have been about the last words that the old fisherman ever spoke, for he died that night in his sleep.

When he was laid out Mrs. Baggs came into my room and asked me with an air of solemnity and importance whether I would like to see him. I have never much cared for this custom of inspecting dead people. I shrink from the august earnestness of corpses, their mysterious power, their cunning! In this particular case, however, partly out of civility, I accepted Mrs. Baggs's invitation. There Granfer Jack lay, this tall old man in his shroud, this aged fisherman who had known ninety-one Easters and ninety Christmases. He looked as wild in death as he had looked in life stretched out upon his truckle bed with a table napkin about his jaws. How stern, how awe-inspiring was the stare with which he confronted eternity from beneath his upraised eyebrows. I looked down upon him with sadness and with understanding. It had been made clear to me that his values of life were no false values. What better service could a man do than collect wood for firing, and what better thoughts could a man entertain in his head at the end of his life than memories of love-making amongst the foxgloves of Puck's Glade?

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

By Kenneth Muir and Sean O'Loughlin

SHAKESPEARE'S poem *The Phoenix and the Turtle* has been neglected more than any other work of his. The obscurity of its language has contributed very largely to this neglect, and Professor Carleton Brown expressed accepted opinion when he said, "Shakespeare's brief poem in itself presents a hopeless enigma." But the impression still remains that the poem is heavily charged with meaning, and it is our purpose to attempt a solution by means of the clues that the poet has so freely dispersed throughout the rest of his work.

The Phoenix and the Turtle appeared in 1601 as one of the additional poems in *Love's Martyr*, but, despite this, it is an occasional poem the occasion of which is unknown. For, although Chester's poem, from which the collection received its name, was apparently written some years before, in celebration of the love of his patron Sir John Salusbury for his wife, "and its mystical reinforcement on the occasion of the birth of their first child," the other contributions to the volume are only superficially related to *Love's Martyr*.

Hereafter follow diverse poetickl essaies on the former subject; viz: the Turtle and Phœnix. Done by the best and chiefest of our moderne writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes: neuer before extant. And (now first) consecrated by them all generally, to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight, Sir Iohn Salisburie.

The *Vatum Chorus* declare that Salusbury's merits were parents to their several rhymes; but although Salusbury was a generous patron, and his son wrote commendatory verses to Heminge and Condell on the publication of the *First Folio*, most of the additional poems are independent exercises in the symbolism of the phoenix and the turtle. Shakespeare's poem, in particular, strikes an elegiac note that is alien to its environment, and his birds who leave no posterity are obviously not Sir John and Lady Ursula Salusbury. Sir Sidney Lee went so far as to state that "the internal evidence scarcely justifies the conclusion that Shakespeare's poem . . . was penned for Chester's collection." This is hardly true. It is fairly evident, from the use made of the symbolism of the phoenix and the turtle, that Shakespeare,

like Jonson, Chapman and Marston, had at least glanced at *Love's Martyr*.

A few critics have doubted the authenticity of the poem, and, in a monograph published a few years ago, "Ranjeer" suggested that John Fletcher was the real author. None of his arguments against Shakespeare's authorship are worth discussing, and he offers no valid evidence on behalf of Fletcher. His citation of parallel passages proves only that Fletcher had read the poem, and his admission that it possesses a maturity impossible to a man of 25 vitiates his whole argument. Actually, Fletcher was only 22 when the poem was published, and, furthermore, it is unlikely that a circle in which, for example, Ben Jonson's own MSS. circulated, would either attempt or suffer deception in such a matter, whatever an unscrupulous publisher might do. Internal evidence, therefore, will but confirm what was certain already.

The immediate reason for its composition was doubtless a positive request, and the contents of the volume invite (as Mr. W. R. Parker has pointed out to us) comparison with the volume compiled in memory of Edward King. Milton, writing for this collection, sets out to celebrate the memory of a friend, but actually gives us, in *Lycidas*, a piece of autobiography. "J. H." and "C. B.," in the same volume, address King's sister, and Samson Briggs is almost riddled "into Atheism" by King's death.

The broad and superficial outline of our poem is not difficult to trace. We have various birds summoned to join in the obsequies of two loyal and faithful birds, the phoenix and the turtle. The birds summoned are birds of good omen, or, more curiously, they are chaste but of ill omen. The fidelity of the two dead birds had been a source of wonder and admiration, so close were the links that joined them. Reason, marvelling, but not comprehending, made the lament over their ashes. It is in the closer interpretation of the poem that critics, as we have already seen, have confessed themselves baffled. "Ranjeer" rightly disagrees with the late Professor Herford who called *The Phœnix and the Turtle* "a pleasant jest," and with Grosart who indulged in a farrago about Elizabeth and Essex, but his own interpretation on the basis of the work of emblematisers like Gabriel Simeoni and Arnold Freitag seems to us to be totally misleading. Only Mr. Murry, in the essay on poetry in *Discoveries*, appears to have come within striking distance of the problem. Our own attempt, made

independently, resembles his in some respects, though it has important differences.

It is clear, we have said, that Shakespeare had glanced at *Love's Martyr*, but there was another book, *The Phoenix Nest*, published in 1593, the contents of which were certainly in his mind. In Matthew Roydon's elegy on Sir Philip Sidney, there is a passage of some importance. The author describes the mourners thus :

The skie bred Egle roiall bird,
Percht there vpon an oke aboue,
The Turtle by him neuer stird,
Example of immortall loue.
The swan that sings about to dy,
Leauing Meander stood thereby.

And that which was of woonder most,
The Phoenix left sweete Arabie.

This coincidence is not fortuitous, since the line in Shakespeare's poem, "Death is now the *Phoenix* nest" suggests another link. Furthermore, the idea of chastity is the subject of a subsequent poem in the same book, and, in "An excellent Dialogue between Constance and Inconstance" which comes immediately after it, we have a reference to "loue, which is for the most part, reason beyond reason." It seems natural to suppose that this is the "source" of "Loue hath Reason, Reason none."

We have now to discover the idea in the poet's mind which attracted to itself all these fragments which are related, in their original setting, only by their proximity. In view of what we propose to establish later on, we may be certain that *The Phoenix and the Turtle* came not long after the break with the fair young man of the *Sonnets* whom we shall style, for purposes of clarity, Southampton. It must be emphasized that this break is not to be confused with the estrangement mentioned in the *Sonnets* themselves, but was a deeper and more disturbing one that came after the last sonnet had been written. Despite this, the poem is not one of despair, but of quiet assurance. "Hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates." Therein lies its significance. Southampton had destroyed the love for which the poet had been willing to sacrifice everything. Compare *Sonnet* 40, line 1 :

"Take all my loues, my loue, yea take them all." Shakespeare now proclaims that though their mutual love is ended in the actual world, it exists for ever in eternity. This may be thought a poor consolation, a sentimental brooding over what might have been ; but it is to misunderstand the poem's significance. Though love has been betrayed brutally, even sordidly, the fact that it once existed is sufficient assurance to the poet that "Loue hath Reason," that is to say, is an absolute. He will not admit, as he afterwards did in a moment of bitterness, that love's betrayal is a proof that it never existed. Here, he re-enunciates the testament he wrote when he suspected that Southampton's love was cooling.

Loue is not loue
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.
O no, it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken ;
It is the star to euery wandring barke,
Whose worths vnknowne, although his high be taken.
Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compasse come,
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome.

Though "Loue and Constancie is dead," the miracle of perfect love exists in eternity,

Phœnix and the *Turtle* fled,
In a mutuall flame from hence,
so great was their love on earth.

We come, now, to the more metaphysical parts of the poem, where the problems are of a different sort. Let us take the stanzas that express the unity in disunity of the two birds.

So they loued as loue in twaine,
Had the essence but in one,
Two distincts, Diuision none,
Number there in loue was slaine.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance and no space was seene,
Twixt this *Turtle* and his *Queene* ;
But in them it were a wonder.

The poet had already expressed this view of his love in *Sonnet 36*, addressed to Southampton.

Let me confesse that we two must be twaine,
Although our vndeuided loues are one.

It was this feeling of the unity of the spirit that enabled Shakespeare to preserve an ultimate faith in love and beauty even in the Inferno through which he was to pass. Cordelia would be impossible without the emotional conviction expressed in *The Phoenix and the Turtle*. As Mr. Murry finely says (p. 37):

By reason of the mutual disaster which is to engulf them, Lear and Cordelia are lifted up into the condition of *The Phoenix and the Turtle*. Lear's very words: "We two will sing alone like birds i' the cage," contain a trembling mortal echo of their song, and Reason might chant over Cordelia the dirge it chanted over them.

Julius Cæsar is the first of the tragedies to be "illuminated by the splendour of the vision," (it must have been almost contemporaneous with *The Phoenix and the Turtle*) and this brief poem is the first expression of that vision. Even if it did not exist, we should be driven to infer from Shakespeare's subsequent work the experience of which it is the expression, for it was written at the turning point of his career as a dramatist, and, in a sense, it was the turning point. We may go further. In the poem, the seed of all Shakespeare's later development is contained. Professor Wilson Knight, in his essay, *The Shakespearian Aviary*, has attempted to show that the symbolism of each of the first six stanzas¹ can be referred to a particular play. But this is to consider too curiously. All we would claim is that the mourners at the obsequies are "heralds sad" of the "tragique scene" on to which the poet was about to enter, and that the essence of Shakespearean tragedy is the conflict between the vision and life as it is. It is clear that when the poem was written, the poet had a prophetic understanding of the experience that he must undergo. Shakespearean tragedy is, in one sense, the tragedy of Shakespeare himself.

¹ Professor Knight connects the various stanzas with the following plays:—i. *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. *Macbeth*, iii. *Cymbeline*, iv. *The Merchant of Venice*, v. *Hamlet*, vi. *Antony and Cleopatra* but *Othello* would surely be a better parallel to stanza iv. *Romeo* is the only play that was already written at the date of the poem. We might interpret this by saying that the play was a forerunner of the tragic period to which the death of love and constancy gave rise, or, alternatively, that the true parallel to stanza i is *Antony and Cleopatra*.

As we can easily gather from the *Sonnets* (if from nowhere else), the idea of sex was tarnished for the poet, and he still clung to the ideal of the marriage of true minds, chaste and

Leaving no posteritie,
Twas not their infirmities,
It was married Chastitie.

The poem is a recognition that this love, though divorced from its original object, is the motive force behind all Shakespeare's poetry (So oft haue I inuok'd thee for my Muse—*Sonnet* 78); and it marks the transformation of the lovely boy into the spirit of Ariel. Its validity is next established :—

Truth may seeme, but cannot be,
Beautie bragge, but tis not she.

It was not Truth, for Truth was betrayed ; it was not Beauty, for the Beauty he worshipped had played him false. The answer comes in a brief couplet.

Loue hath Reason, Reason none,
If what parts, can so remaine.

Love, it was, to which the others were subsumed, that inspired Shakespeare's plays, a love that would eventually be extended to embrace the whole world. He had not reached that state, but already his prophetic soul looked forward to the ultimate synthesis, the emotional serenity of *The Tempest*. He looked forward to the time when even Reason would recognise that Love was above Reason. As Arviragus in *Cymbeline* says (IV. ii. 20) :

I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say
Loue's reason's, without reason.

Though in itself confounded, it was Reason that made the throne in honour of the co-supremes and stars of love.

About eight years were to pass before Shakespeare was able to embody these co-supremes in a play, but it was no longer a chaste union. The fidelity was founded on sexual love. The proclamation that " Loue hath Reason, Reason none " foreshadows *Antony and Cleopatra*. To Reason, and, alas, to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, *Antony and Cleopatra* is *All for Lust*, and Antony sacrifices his honour for the sake of a harlot. To Shakespeare,

that actuality was a ludicrous distortion of the reality behind it. He, like the priests, blessed Cleopatra when she was riggish, and Antony is hailed as the Arabian bird. It is noteworthy, too, that bird imagery is more frequent in this play than in any other.

We must revert, now, to the poem. Truth and Beauty had been set side by side by the poet in *Sonnet* 14. Addressing the lovely boy, he had said, "Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date," and, so, now,

Truth may seeme, but cannot be,
Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
Truth and Beautie buried be.

This must not be taken to imply physical death so much as the admission of the power of Death which faithlessness brings in its train, just as fidelity, by its very existence, conquers Death.

This consideration brings us to the problem of why Shakespeare chose the Phoenix symbolism to express this determining experience of his life. The Phoenix has, from time immemorial, been a symbol of immortality and resurrection, and Shakespeare's aching desire to overcome the iniquity of oblivion, so manifest in the *Sonnets*, here finds relief.

Deuouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,
And make the earth deuoure her owne sweet brood,
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,
And burne the long liu'd Phoenix in her blood.

The immortal Phoenix must make this concession to Time. She must burn in a flame of love, and hence, the bird is a love symbol.

But still the Phoenix burns and still above
The lonely tree on the Arabian sand
Advanced are the golden wings of love.
And we beneath their radiance dumbly stand :
This is eternity . . .

In Ovid, too, the legend of the Phoenix is related, and Golding renders the passage in the fifteenth book of the *Metamorphoses* thus :

One bird there is that dooth renew itself and as it were
Beget it self continually. The Syrians name it there
A *Phœnix*. Neyther corne nor herbes this *Phœnix* liueth by,
But by the iewce of frankincence and gum of *Amomye*.

In Chester's own poem of *Love's Martyr* Shakespeare had the turtle as the devoted mate of the Phoenix, the turtle being, originally, the Paphian dove of Venus. The Phoenix, finally, is a symbol not only of immortality, but of death, and the emphasis on death and mourning in *The Phoenix and the Turtle* is a parallel to the thoughts of death in *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. Clearly, at the turn of the century, Shakespeare stood on the threshold of the tragic period. The experience which finds expression in the poem enabled him to endure to the end. Love was the star that enabled his "wandring barke" to survive the "tempest." In the plays that follow upon this new attitude, notably *Antony and Cleopatra* and *King Lear*, his concept of order in the Universe is expressed as a belief in constancy and faithfulness, a constancy and a faithfulness that, in the tragedies, receives death as its reward, and is the antithesis of the betrayal that compassed the destruction of Cæsar.

Years later, Imogen, "alone the Arabian bird," escaped the normal penalty for constancy, though she had a funeral, and, in *The Tempest*, the last play of all, Prospero's enemies are compelled to admit that

In *Arabia*

There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix
At this houre reigning there.

The validity of the vision of *The Phoenix and the Turtle* was acknowledged. The poet's task was done.

A PURITAN EDUCATION

By Herbert E. Palmer

JOHN WESLEY was very austere, and though he brought hope and sobriety into hundreds of thousands of barren and dissatisfied homes, the church he founded was, in some of its aspects, completely out of touch with earth-joy. To-day it is difficult to read about his treatment of the Kingswood boys without intense disapproval. No holidays, dull school lessons, incessant prayer meetings, hardly any play! He swooped down on the school at frequent intervals, forcing on a lot of poor children a monkish programme which only very serious-minded adults could have tolerated. It is the heavy blot on John Wesley's life, just as Cromwell's treatment of the Irish (poor children, too) is the heavy blot on his. He probably did more damage in that quarter than ever Squeers did with his brutalities and his cane. Even saints have spots on them, and perhaps the mightiest of saints, Saint Francis, does not get off scot free. Probably the sin of Saint Francis was putting curses on those of his friar ministers who too flagrantly disobeyed the rules of his order—a perfectly human transgression, which, however, John Wesley could not have committed. Saint Wesley and Saint Francis, it is difficult to refrain from coupling their names, though I bestow the greater reverence and affection on St. Francis. The main difference between the two is this: the basis of John Wesley's education was Greek and Latin, the dialectics of Aristotle, and Church Theology; that of Saint Francis was the romances of chivalry and the songs of the troubadours. Saint Francis was a poet; but John Wesley, despite his hymns and methodical ecstasies was nothing of the kind.

I was brought up in a Wesleyan Methodist home, and but for a governess, an aunt, called Fanny, might have reached the age of eighteen without literary aspirations or any real sensitive knowledge of prose and poetry. She only dealt with me till I was a little over eleven (when I left her to go to school), but her instruction was so drastic and stimulating that it is possible that I owe my present self to her charge and keeping.

Until my governess—my Aunt Fanny, came along, our family was too much dominated by John Wesley, and not enough by those elemental things of inspiration which made John Wesley possible. But my Aunt Fanny's head was chock full of romanticism, most

of which was continually at strife with her Puritanism. So she drummed into me the code of mediaeval chivalry; and supplemented the history, geography, and Bible lessons with poetry readings and learnings by heart. After the age of eight and a half I sampled nearly every poet of major and minor importance, save Keats, Blake, and the Brownings; and when I left her three years later to go to school my head was a furore of thousands of lines learnt by heart and a multitude of golden rhymes. But the nearest I came to getting acquainted with the old Border Ballads was by the back-stairs way of such things as Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," and some more tightly-strung rhythms. I think I read more of Scott than anyone else; and of the poems committed to memory I remember that Thomas Campbell's pleased me the best. I can well remember the state of excitement I was put into by "Hohenlinden," and how I tried to recite it at inopportune moments to unwilling females, particularly to the housemaid, whom I considered lacking in martial ardour and the heroic outlook.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

* * * *

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

But I think I liked equally well, though in another way, Charles Wolfe's "The Burial of Sir John Moore after Corunna," and even more Campbell's "The Soldier's Dream," and here I had fixed on one of the pearls of English lyrics, and the most beautiful anapaestic display in our poetry:

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
 The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

* * * *

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Yes, I had committed poems to memory by the score, and delighted in the exercise. It was so wonderful to make them my own, to feel as if I had written them ; and though I loved the battle poems the best, there were many of an entirely different calibre which gave me great pleasure. I still thought rather well of Mrs. Hemans (though not as well of her as at the age of seven) but was conscious of slight weakness and incompleteness, though she had plainly written nothing quite so bad as Wordsworth's " We are Seven," which I didn't like at all. I made a nodding acquaintance with Shakespeare, and also tried to read him to myself, particularly " King John," but didn't get on very well, as the jolt from narrative to dialogue was too sudden. The poet I read the most of was probably Scott ; but one day I found a little brown copy of Tennyson's " Idylls of the King " lying about, and straightway fell under its enchantment. In those days there was a Tennyson in every educated household, and also in a great number which were not educated. He was a good correction to Mrs. Hemans, who next to Longfellow was probably the poet most widely read in English homes.

A contemporary English critic and poet, R. L. Mégroz, has recently published a charming little book called " English Poetry for Children," and I refer to it because it mentions so many of the poems I liked, particularly in the appendix at the end ; though I think that my mind ran in rather more crimson and rhetorical grooves. I think from quite an early age I seized chiefly upon the heroic, the patriotic and some sort of simple magic intended chiefly for adult ears ; and though I probably learnt more nursery rhymes and verse of that quality than the majority of children, I do not think that I was greatly attracted to them. But as a

recent newspaper critic has told his readers that I write "nursery rhymes for adults," apparently they came to exercise a good deal of influence upon me.

After the age of nine I began to write verses, and I remember that my first poem was about a wolf and a shepherd. I was praised for its music, but as the poem has been lost I cannot say if my admirers were right. All I can remember of it is the phrase "great grey wolf" and an atmosphere of fear and loneliness, a sort of shadowy portal to the macabre. My discovery of Tennyson's *Idylls* led to some very flexible and prosy blank verse about knights and castles; but, I think, that generally speaking my themes were quite simple and more in relation to my daily life. I remember also that my sister Eva, who had literary aspirations and some exercise-book prowess in prose, was slightly jealous of me, and not to be overshadowed wrote a long poem in rhyme about a country ramble, which she read aloud to me in the bedroom one summer morning. I admired it very much, and felt that it was more successful than any of my own compositions, though I thought it more prosy. Although five years her junior I had the temerity to offer some advice, but with results and reactions that I cannot clearly remember. I was really getting very conceited about my skill as a poet, though, actually, I knew not in the least what I was doing.

One day, some verses that I specially prided myself on, were adversely criticised by Auntie Fanny on account of their stumbling quality, and she suggested that I should count the syllables and see if they agreed in number in corresponding lines. This was disastrous, for I was slowly working into daylight by means of ear, and evolving an art to captivate the house-sparrows, if not the bullfinches. As soon as I applied a rule which was only half right I fell into a quagmire, so that my verses grew steadily worse instead of better. The technique of verse was something that Auntie Fanny very insufficiently understood; and as the half-knowledge of the teacher gets translated into quarter knowledge in the perspective of the pupil I was badly defeated. If the aspirant to poet's laurels counts syllables instead of strong accents or stresses he merely follows in the footsteps of Hans Sachs and the Meistersingers who gave birth to nearly the dullest poetry revival in history; and when he doesn't quite understand, as I didn't, the significance of a syllable he becomes not only dull,

but feeble. I thought that 'loved,' and 'hoped,' and 'planned' were two-syllable words, and that two-syllable words like 'inspired,' and 'deceived' were three-syllable words. The written page and my spelling lessons cracked the strings of my poor lyre ; and though Auntie Fanny might have shown me the right way if she had realized my difficulty, many years were to elapse before I got on to the right track.

Still, what can you do as a poet at ten, and even at twenty-one for that matter ; and I think it was the only serious slip my good governess made in the matter of my bardic instruction. I am certain that no other boy of my time and age received better teaching and stimulus in literature, and, indeed, few anything half so good. I got from her, too, more than she actually taught me directly, by listening surreptitiously to the lessons given to Eva and her girl friend. I distinctly remember the readings from Motley's "Dutch Republic," and the French lessons which involved Dumas and Erckmann-Chatrian. I also remember her high praises of Shakespeare, though she modified them somewhat by her complaints against his coarseness.

The background to the poetry learnings and readings was, of course, the Bible and "Little Arthur's History" (and after it a fuller history) the latter supplemented by the dates of all the English kings and queens from the Conquest to Queen Victoria, committed rigidly to memory, so that I have never had much difficulty in fixing leading events. My thoughts about the Bible heroes did not entirely coincide with my Aunt Fanny's teachings, for I liked Esau almost better than Jacob, and thought him a bold, straightforward, and ill-used person ; and definitely admired Saul, quite as much as David, and felt sympathetic towards him when he threw his javelin at David. I thought of Saul as a rather honest sort of fellow for being so ready to own himself in the wrong ; and I almost admired him when he disobeyed Samuel's commands in the matter of sparing the women and children and cattle of the Amalekites. God had told Samuel to tell Saul that he must be ruthless. But why should God be so cruel, and why should Saul get cursed for being so humane and kind ? My Aunt Fanny tried desperately to interpret Holy Writ literally, even going so far as to denounce the Revised Version ; but something very compassionate and humane continually broke through her stern Puritanism, and it may have been partly that which made me

dimly question the complete inspiration of the Bible, throwing me finally into the contemplation of myself as a reprobate for insufficiently loving the Great God. It was about this time that I began to get my night terrors about waking up in everlasting Hell, and I remember that I was somewhat cheered when Auntie Fanny told me that God was too good to torture people, and that Hell-flame was only a symbol for the reproaches of an agonised conscience. But something from somewhere had got driven into me too hard to be dispelled like that, and I could not push out of my head the vision of flames and roasting bodies; nor could I entirely dispel the horrid vision of Predestination. John Wesley, strive as he would, had never quite driven Calvinism out of the Church; and I found that while my Auntie Fanny was continually denouncing and damning Calvinism, her logic was such that she made an affirmation of it. God knew everything, even from the beginning, knew exactly in what way people were going to develop. How anyone gifted with so logical and romantic an understanding came to believe some of the contradictions which she continually sacrificed as burnt offerings to the conservatism of Heaven, completely baffles me; but like so many Methodists she thought that the natural instincts of the brain and heart were evil, and that by continually denying them with her lips she would appease the judgment of Heaven. Her life must have been a continual torture of cross-thoughts and feelings. But she admired Truth, Valour, and Sincerity with such passion that I realize to-day that at the bottom of her convictions lurked the feeling that these were the things that really wrought for ultimate salvation. God might never forgive a lie, but He might forgive the reprobate who was honest and courageous. Something in her teaching was often at direct variance with her theology, and try as she would to hide it the thing broke gleaming through its envelope. Swedenborg had taught that no one with a sensitive conscience can possibly get to everlasting Hell; but the spiritualistic revelations of Swedenborg had only lightly influenced English theology, and his reincarnation and successor, Sir Oliver Lodge, had not begun to penetrate the darkness.

I think, too, that downright Judaism was twined tightly into our vision of Puritan Christianity; I remember that I sometimes ate my breakfast-bacon with a bad conscience, and I know that the local "pig-puddings" (sausages of pigs' blood) were forbidden

because made of blood, though indulged in once or twice on the sly, a servant smuggling one or two into the house.

But however much my Auntie Fanny did in the way of hardening my vision of God, she undid it with the troubadour side of her. But she taught me to *write* prose rather than verse; and drilled me nearly daily in English prose-composition. She tried to show me how to punctuate, but unfortunately, by rule; leading me sometimes astray, as, for instance, when she taught me that a new sentence must never begin with "And" or "But." I think that several ill-spelt stories trickled out of my indisciplined pen; and I started at least one novel. This by some miracle got preserved, and I have three chapters in twenty-six exercise-book pages at my elbow. It is called "Maria and her servant Quimbo," subtitled "A tale referring to the African slave trade," and must have been chiefly inspired by Livingstone, by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Jules Verne's "Boy Captain," and Kingston's "On the banks of the Amazon" (this last one of my school reading books). The commencement is good enough to give Roy Campbell a pain in the nose:

The early morning rays of the sun looked down upon the dreary deserts and waving palm trees of Africa. The scented flowers were wafting their fragrant perfume in the morning breeze, and everything was bathed in glory. Not far from a clump of palm trees was a large house, with an open verander running all round it. The muslin curtains hung in graceful festoons before the open windows. The mosquitos had not yet begun their tyrannous warfare against mankind, so that the occupants of the house would be in peace for a time. Sitting down on the verander with a book on her knee, but apparently not reading it was a young girl of fifteen, she was the missionary's only child.

Into these short preliminary chapters creep slaves, a leopard, a tropical storm, an accidental murder, human skeletons, a hyena, a dead camel, vultures, and a Bengal tiger. Some of it is very horrific, or attempts to be so, and though unconsciously comical is so full of the element of surprise that I am extremely sorry that I didn't attempt to finish it. Even to-day the queer impossible characters of its pages are absurdly real to me, and I find myself wanting to know what happened to them all.

I wished madly to create, partly, perhaps, because I was so

much affected by what I read, for some of the creations of my admired writers exerted an almost morbid fascination over me. I remember falling so much in love with the good characters of Jules Verne's "Boy Captain" that I contracted melancholy because I couldn't get into personal contact with them, hoping tremendously that the tale was true and that I might some day meet them in Heaven.

Other long tales that I liked very much were preparatory school stories, two of which "Geoff and Jim," and "Captain Geoff" gave a very idealistic and romantic picture of school life, and were to prove quite incompatible with anything to be experienced in the frightful little Grammar School that I was to attend after the age of eleven. . . . But among books of a better literary quality were "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Arabian Nights Entertainments" and Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" I liked particularly tales about sailing vessels and the sea; and on at least one occasion after I had been severely corrected or punished I threatened to run away and become a cabin-boy.

I still liked, as at the ages of six and seven, hearing tales read or narrated to me; and sometimes we exercised our ingenuity in telling a long made-up one, the most ready of us beginning it, and the rest going on till it was finally completed, often into something which had no relation whatever to the beginning.

Meanwhile, my eldest sister Eva learnt to play on the piano and my playmate sister Ethel made some crude beginnings with "Rock of Ages," and I clamoured to do likewise. But I had no powers of application, and got no further than tinkling two or three little one-hand melodies from ear, one of which I invented myself. Any kind of left-hand accompaniment was quite outside my powers of practice; but I felt myself wretchedly thwarted. A lady who came frequently to the house and sang "The Lost Chord" and "Killarney" promised me a sovereign towards a violin, the instrument I chiefly aspired to, if I would only learn the rudiments of piano playing; but it was all of no use. I tried to play the flute, especially a yellow one with a nutty flavour in the mouthpiece, popular in earlier days, but I could not control the stops. Mouth organs I seemed to be more successful with, but I was imagining every tune I played; they were in my head, and not coming out of the mouth organ. A little wood and wire harp was given me for a Christmas present, and on this with one

hand I tinkled two or three simple airs. I wanted to make music, to create music, to reproduce music, to dance, to sing, to play with words. But how difficult it all was ! Sometimes my thoughts turned to pictures, and I tried hard to paint and draw ; and one night I dreamed that I had painted a room full of pictures—a dream that was more than a dream, and so real that I could never quite dispel it from my memory.

And outside on festival days the miners' clubs were parading through the dingy streets, gorgeous in coloured sashes, with silken banners, with bands of music. The bands got together, in parks and pleasure places, a dozen of them, and competed for prizes, while crowds of people listened and admired. Red-coated volunteers marched up to the common to shoot ; and on the beeswaxed floor of the big pleasure house of Clough Hall the people danced. Fat women and bow-legged miners, scraggy women and lean shop-keepers, from the pottery works, and from the pits and the shops, how they danced ! Polka and waltz, waltz and polka ! They swayed and perspired and shuffled round ! But the stern Methodists looked on and shook their heads, for that was the way to Hell.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF IRISH WRITERS—No. 8.

AUSTIN CLARKE

By *M. J. MacManus*

THE VENGEANCE OF FIONN (1917).

THE VENGEANCE/OF FIONN/BY AUSTIN CLARKE/MAUNSEL & COMPANY, LTD./
DUBLIN AND LONDON. 1917/

Size : $7\frac{3}{8}$ in. $\times$ $5\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Signatures : [A], 3 leaves (of which the third leaf is an inset) ; B-D, in eights ; E, 6 leaves.

Pagination : P. [i], half-title ; p. [ii], printer's imprint ; p. [iii], title ; p. [iv], blank ; p. [v], "Argument" ; p. [vi], blank ; pp. [1]—57, text ; p. [58], blank ; pp. 59 and 60, "Notes."

Binding : Grey-green boards with white canvas back, paper label on spine lettered in black THE/VENGE-/ANCE/OF/FIONN/*Austin/Clarke*/, the lettering enclosed within double rules. Top edges trimmed, other edges uncut. White end-papers.

Note : A few copies were sent out by the publishers in which the word "company" in the imprint on the title was misspelt "comany." In all copies that I have seen this error has been corrected.

THE FIRES OF BAAL (1921).

THE FIRES/OF BAÄL/AUSTIN CLARKE/MAUNSEL & ROBERTS LTD./DUBLIN & LONDON.
1921.

Size : 8 in. $\times$ $5\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Signatures : [A]—B, in eights.

Pagination : P. [1], half-title ; p. [2], title of book by the same author ; p. [3], title ; p. [4], blank ; p. [5], Dedication ; p. [6], blank ; pp. 7—30, text ; p. [31], blank. A leaf of advertisement follows containing press notices of the author's earlier book *The Vengeance of Finn*.

Binding : Purple cloth, with title and author's name in gilt on front cover. Top edges trimmed, other edges uncut. White end-papers.

THE SWORD OF THE WEST (1921).

THE SWORD/OF THE WEST/BY AUSTIN CLARKE/MAUNSEL & ROBERTS LIMITED/
DUBLIN AND LONDON. 1921

Size : $7\frac{3}{8}$ in. $\times$ 5 in.

Signatures : [A], four leaves ; B—[G] in eights. None of the leaves in signature [G] is signed.

Pagination : Pp. [viii] + [96]. P. [i], half-title ; p. [ii], blank ; p. [iii], title ; p. [iv], blank ; p. [v], "Foreword" ; p. [vi], imprint of Maunsel & Roberts ; p. [vii], "Contents" ; p. [viii], blank ; pp. [1]—95, text ; p. [96], "Note." P. 48, following Book One, is blank.

Binding : Dark-grey boards, canvas back, with paper label, lettered in black between double rules THE/SWORD/OF/THE/WEST/*Austin/Clarke*./Top edges cut, fore and lower edges uncut. White end-papers.

THE CATTLEDRIE IN CONNAUGHT (1925).

The CATTLEDRIE/IN CONNAUGHT/AND OTHER POEMS/BY/AUSTIN CLARKE/LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN Ltd./RUSKIN HOUSE, 40, MUSEUM STREET, W.C.I.

Size : 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. $\times$ 5 in.

Signatures : None.

Pagination : P. [1], half-title, with publishers' monogram in lower right-hand corner ; p. [2], list of books by the same author ; p. [3], title ; p. [4], date of first publication and printer's imprint ; p. [5], Dedication ; p. [6], " Note " : p. [7], " Contents " ; p. [8], blank ; pp. 9—64, text.

Binding : Cream-coloured canvas cloth, title and author's name in gilt on front cover, and title in gilt on spine. Top edges trimmed, other edges uncut. White end-papers.

THE SON OF LEARNING (1927).

AUSTIN CLARKE/THE SON OF LEARNING/A POETIC COMEDY/IN/THREE ACTS/GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD/Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street/LONDON

Size : 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. $\times$ 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.

Signatures : [A]—E, in eights.

Pagination : P. [i], blank ; p. [ii], list of books (with Press notices) by the same author ; p. [iii], half-title ; p. [iv], announcement that " This edition is limited to one thousand copies of which twenty-five will be numbered and signed by the author " ; p. [v], title ; p. [vi], imprint of Curwen Press ; p. [vii], dedication to George Moore ; p. [viii], blank ; p. [ix], " Characters " ; p. [x], blank ; pp. [1]—68, text ; p. [69], " Notes " ; p. [70], Publisher's monogram and addresses.

Binding : Cambridge blue cloth, lettered in gilt on front cover and spine. All edges trimmed. White end-papers.

PILGRIMAGE (1929).

AUSTIN CLARKE/PILGRIMAGE/AND OTHER/POEMS/LONDON/GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD/MUSEUM STREET

Size : 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. $\times$ 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.

Signatures : [A]—C, in eights.

Pagination : P. [1], half-title ; p. [2], announcement that " This edition is limited to five hundred copies, of which twenty-five have been numbered and signed by the author " ; p. [3], title ; p. [4], date of first publication, imprint of Unwin Brothers, and copyright notice ; p. [5], Dedication ; p. [6], acknowledgements to the Editors of the " Spectator " and " Dublin Magazine " ; p. [7], " Contents " ; p. [8], blank ; pp. 9—41, text of poems ; p. [42], blank ; pp. 43—45, " Commentary " ; p. [46], blank ; p. [47], Publishers' monogram and addresses ; p. [48], blank.

Binding : Stiff, slate-blue wrappers, folded in beneath covers, white paper label on front cover bearing title and author's name, white paper label on spine bearing title only. Top and lower edges trimmed, fore edges uncut. White end-papers.

THE FLAME (1930).

THE FLAME/A PLAY IN ONE ACT/by/AUSTIN CLARKE/LONDON/GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD/MUSEUM STREET

Size : $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. $\times$ $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Signatures : [A], four leaves ; B and C, in eights.

Pagination : P. [1], half-title ; p. [2], list of books by the same author ; p. [3], title ; p. [4], date of publication, announcement that " This edition is limited to two hundred and fifty copies, of which twenty-five have been signed by the author . . . This is number . . . " Printer's imprint at foot ; p. [5], " Characters " ; p. [6], blank ; pp. 7—39, text ; p. [40], " Note."

Binding : Stiff, orange wrappers, made to fold inside cover, lettered in black on front cover as on title, save that the word " by " in the third line is not in italics ; lettered in black on spine vertically THE FLAME. Top and lower edges cut, fore edges uncut. White end-papers.

THE BRIGHT TEMPTATION (1932).

THE BRIGHT TEMPTATION/A ROMANCE/by/AUSTIN CLARKE/LONDON/GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD/MUSEUM STREET

Size : $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. $\times$ $4\frac{7}{8}$ in.

Signatures : [A]—T, in eights ; U, 6 leaves.

Pagination : Pp. [1] and [2], blank ; p. [3], half-title ; p. [4], list of books by Austin Clarke ; p. [5], title ; p. [6], date of first publication, copyright notice, and printer's imprint ; p. [7], quotation from Standish O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica* ; p. [8], blank ; pp. [9]—312, text ; p. [313], publishers' monogram, with their London and colonial addresses underneath ; p. [314], blank.

Binding : Green calico cloth, lettered in gilt on spine THE BRIGHT/TEMPTATION/by/AUSTIN/CLARKE/GEORGE ALLEN/& UNWIN LTD/

All edges trimmed ; top edges coloured dark-green ; white end-papers.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

By M. J. MacManus.

WATTY COX.

WHILST "Watty" Cox's place in the history of the Irish revolutionary movement must always remain perplexing and obscure, to collectors he will continue to be an attractive figure. He was a many-sided man, this journalist whom the British government of the day "bought" and yet failed to silence, whose *Irish Magazine*—which brought him to the pillory—is a storehouse of curious and out-of-the-way information not easily obtainable elsewhere, who crossed swords with Cobbett in the early days of American journalism, who wrote poems, histories, satires and such an elegant trifle as *The Widow Dempsey's Funeral*.

It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Seamus O'Casaide to compile for the Bibliographical Society of Ireland a biographical and bibliographical notice of Cox's writings. Many of them are extremely rare and there are few that cannot be read with interest even to-day. Beginning with his broadsheet "newspaper," the *Union Star* (1797), printed on one side only to enable it to be pasted up on dead walls, Mr. O'Casaide has listed no less than twenty-eight publications, ranging over a period of nearly forty years. The last item is a letter to Daniel O'Connell, whom the enraged pamphleteer had sought out "for the plain purpose of writing a page of Irish history on your forehead, with a shillelah cudgel I had brought with me."

Considerable space is devoted, rightly, by Mr. O'Casaide to the complexities of the *Irish Magazine*, or as it has always been known to Irish readers, *Watty Cox's Magazine*. The *Magazine* commenced publication in November, 1807, and finished with the December number, 1815. Its policy was anti-government (and more particularly anti-veto) and its proprietor was in frequent trouble with the authorities. He was pilloried, fined and frequently imprisoned; finally, on receiving payment of £400 and a pension of £100 annually he agreed to discontinue publication and to leave the country. As a commercial undertaking, the magazine had been a great success. We are told, unbelievably, that its average circulation was 60,000 copies a year.

The early numbers were reprinted when the *Magazine* had soared into popularity, and Mr. O'Casaide has accomplished a difficult task in identifying the points of the first issues. Still more valuable from the collector's standpoint is his detailed list of plates called for in each of the eight volumes. Few sets contain the complete number and such a list as this cannot fail to be helpful.

Watty Cox and his Publications. By Seamus Ó'Casaide, M.R.I.A. (Printed by Colm O Lochlainn for the Bibliographical Society of Ireland. 2s. 6d. net.)

The American Book-Collector.

The *American Book-Collector*, of which the January and February numbers are to hand, continues to weather the storm of depression. Mr. James Guthrie writes, in reminiscent mood, of "The Hand Printer and his work"; Mr. Irvin Haas contributes a carefully-compiled list of Private Presses and Limited Editions; Mr. John F. MacDermott deals with "The Printing Press and Culture"; and the editor, in his usual forthright manner, has some trenchant things to say about "The Commercial Aspect of Collecting." At a time when Americans are inclined to sell, rather than buy, rare books, the courageous policy of Mr. Heartman's magazine is a healthy and hopeful sign.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE HOUSE OF THE TITANS. By Æ. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

INTO THE LIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. By Lyle Donaghy. Printed for the Author by The Cuala Press. 15s.

FROM THE SCRIP OF EROS. By R. L. Megroz. The Fenland Press. 6s.

SQUARED CIRCLE. By William Montgomerie. Boriswood. 5s. net.

CRANES AT SUNRISE. By Alec Brown. Boriswood. 5s. net.

OPEN THE SKY. By John Pudney. Boriswood. 5s. net.

MODERN POETRY, 1922-1934, AN ANTHOLOGY. By Maurice Wollman. Macmillan & Co. 5s. net.

In this age when a culture seems to be seeding, no critic, probably, is allround enough to respond equally and exactly to all the diverse forms of contemporary poetry. If he is to keep his integrity—and he must if his pronouncements are not to be void of the personal, the valuable factor—he must pronounce strictly in the order of his preferences, limiting his pronouncements to, or weaving his theory from, the measure of his own reaction. Response to poetry is always through its forms. Whatever can be said of an essence of poetry boils down to this—that it is like, say, the life essence, inseparable from its forms; it *is* whatever form it inhabits. The difficulty facing a critic is how to divine the essence in forms for which his feeling is limited when there is no infallible touchstone such as a tradition to guide him. A modern critic has only his own response to go on, and that is very fallible when there is no common mind. The modern mind is too various, too disparate, for any abstraction of the experience of one single mind to claim more than a limited, a coterie value; by defining himself a critic can expect at the most to represent only the thought of a particular school. Criticism, then, I imagine, should attempt in our time a particular, rather than a general evaluation; cultivating, out of the bewilderment of forms which the time offers, that particular form to which it can respond most fully, and confine itself there.

I do not feel in the least qualified to discuss Æ's thought. No discussion about his verse, however, can exclude at least some mention of it for it permeates all that he writes, I need only say here that it has for me a fiery visionary quality, an illumination as if it came knighted from the court of some planetary king. "The House of the Titans" is in the royal procession of his work. It is, in my opinion, greater than what has gone before because in it he has developed the epical element that one always surmised to be in his genius. The title poem is a fine effort of sustained imagination, of controlled music. The subject is a myth of Nuada of the Silver Hand. Of it, in "Song and its Fountains," he said: "A symbolic vision or dream was projected into the waking consciousness while I was engaged in meditation. . . . The dream pictures had a swift movement and as swift an interpretation. I knew as I looked on these images that Nuada was the heroic heaven-descended will, and he had come with other divine companions to earth to conquer it and bring wisdom to its dark inhabitants. But the brightness of the immortals had been obscured by a sorcery breathing out of earth . . . the immortals only held sway over its dark inhabitants when out of the glory still within them they made lovely to the Fomorian their own bestial

desires." Then Lugh the Sungod came to Nuada out of the Land of Promise and showed him that he Nuada, the power that was will, alone on earth was real; the other companions that had come with him were now but phantom images of themselves. By Lugh's power Nuada was lifted above himself and "saw all about him the true immortals. . . . They made promises to be truly with him at his labours until the great battle of Moytura to be fought at the end of time. The immortals then vanished and Nuada was left once more brooding in the great chamber" among the monstrous Fomorians. He has fitted the vision into a form as swift and subtle and various as the vision itself, scattering in the head-long movement a lovely stardust of imagery. It is eminently quotable if one knew where to begin . . . and to stop

" . . . the builders reared
Murias, Gorias, Findias, and Falias,
That were like living creatures, and towered and glowed
And changed with the imagination."

I have, as I said before, no qualifications to discourse on the poet's thought, so I pass over the prophetic wisdom of the latter part of the poem when Nuada sees in vision the Fomorian heart caught into exultations and agonies which earth had not known before the advent of the spirit and sees that heart, having found in its depths "the Magian mind that can grow what it dreams on," pass away from itself and

" . . the high powers that only yield themselves
to gentleness, awaiting its perfecting to give
Sovereignty over all the elements."

It is a poem that quivers in the mind for a long time with more than music.

Readers of the "Dublin Magazine" will be familiar with many of the jewel-like lyrics in this book, "Comfort," "Incarnation" and others, all alight with the poet's peculiar quality. Rather a breakaway for him is "The Dark Lady," a longer poem, which is a new interpretation of the relations between Shakespeare and the lady of the sonnets. Whether one agrees with Æ's theory or not . . . and some will doubt that the Mary who has come down to us in rather contrary fragments of history could be so fine a creature . . . one must allow it as a distinct possibility. The Dark Lady of the poem claims she was not wanton with Shakespeare but made herself a hundred natures for him, was wanton "to his imaginations." She was so spiritually intimate with him that . . .but hear her:

"I had not more easily as a small child
Told my heart stories than I could to him
Tell everything in thought, as if he were
An ampler, wiser heart-nurse to myself.
And though I was all love I shrank from that,
The mating of lips and body, lest having all
I should have less than love. . . ."

And then Southampton came, "a boy that stayed the breath . . . beauty that had no soul but itself," and Shakespeare, "the wise soul
 baffled in reading where there was not mind
 Fell into dreaming and at last was stayed
 On the body's miracle. And I grew sick
 Seeing the dawn of an unnatural love."

She tried to save Shakespeare from that sin, giving herself to him, having no joy in the giving. But she was a dear friend to him, not a mystery, so he

"wandered away from me unto that one
 Beautiful, baleful and uncharted star
 of boyhood."

She saved him by winning Southampton from him. She became Southampton's mistress. Shakespeare heard of it:

"Never was there face
 So ravaged . . . He threw at me a single word . . .
 He never saw me again, yet I was victor
 Slaying the unnatural with the natural love."

At a time when most other poets see life as chough, raven or hooded crow, Æ, who finds it as more than a bird of paradise, is a very necessary antinomy.

Though Lyle Donaghy sings as fluently and as urgently as a mating thrush, it is with a certain darker element. If one has any doubt of his poetry at all, it arises out of his very fluency. A spate is a good thing if controlled; uncontrolled it is liable to spread among the shallows of emotion and become a mere mirror for a vegetable imagery. Mr. Donaghy loves and is familiar with the outer aspects of nature; in verse, where an exact objectivity of an emotion is required, this love sometimes proves unruly and dissipates the emotion in a too numerous, natural imagery. This, I would suggest hesitantly to the poet is why some of his poems do not, for me, quite come off. I hasten to add that most of them do come off, come off in spite of a somewhat too poetic syntax. The Grave, for instance, with the ending

" . . . And there's no earth
 In sexton season's care, to hide the box,
 Even now, from scratching ravens of the mind."

And that fine song "We will go back"

"Somewhere about the great green raths our place is
 Where the rich proud graceful orchids haunt
 With cream-pink flowers like wownden torcs
 Or Danaan horns that sound, insolvently, completed music.

The orchids host in the half-grazed grass of the rath
 like the music-sustained flesh of the beautiful dead
 never leaving the summit of the land-heap,
 and no man knows their planting."

Often, too, a tight shoe fits him, such as, "A Thought of Suicide" and "To a Critic." There is a likeable folk inconsequence about "Rose Adare"

"When I was courting Rose-Adare,
I had no doubt what young girls were.
I talked, alluded to the showers,
Unpetticoated fifty flowers.
She always looked amazed at me,
And said she longed to climb a tree.
Now I will rise and follow her,
Knowing how precious young girls are."

Mr. Megroz, also is a lover, a little more self-conscious more questioning than Mr. Donaghy.

"Let me but know without your speaking. . . .
That love is not imagination
Born is a foolish loving heart
But our mutual creation
Enduring though all else depart."

"Peace" is a well constructed sonnet. Saint or Rake, however, being sound theologians of their different extremities of love, might not hold with the Transubstantiation if the sestet.

"The while your heated body's clasped to mine
We are no more than paramours of death
Breathing upon each other charnel breath,
Until from high within us joy descend
To mingle in our earthly bread and wine
A peace that is beyond love's natural end."

Doubtless, however, it is good middle doctrine.

"Squared Circle" is impressive. Mr. Montgomerie burns as slowly and as thoughtfully as Wordsworth. He is in the line of the finer sociologists who consider that man will come to his full stature only in the harmony of the universe. In our city civilisation man is insulated from the natural electricity of the earth, the body, "the soul's underworld," loses the finer senses that make it a fit vehicle for the spirit. We live but in one part of ourselves, the mind, and are thus divided beings. Mr. Montgomerie sees peace for us when brother Body re-adjusts himself to the earth again:

"Here is the vision of a naked child . . .
The wind is in his nostrils and the sun
Has ripened all his skin, until he is
An apple in the orchard of the world."

I have, I am afraid, given a very inadequate summary of "Squared Circle." The reader should go to it; it is a slow book but big in purpose, and sometimes amazingly fine. If some of the symbolism is a bit arbitrary, there is always a fine pictorial sense at work . . . witness

"Upon a mountain vision is eagle—wide,
The cities of the lowlands close and open
As to the tides the sea-anemones."

It does no justice to quote; the spirit of the book lies in its unity. The six long poems were made in the highlands of Scotland and move quietly by reasoning

and symbol from the particular to the universal. I would like to see Mr. Montgomerie in the sudden fire of a lyric.

With Alec Brown and John Pudney we enter a different world. Both are serious artists, scientific in the modern way, very careful in taking the temperature of an emotion. Whether an art so self-conscious can be good art will be answered differently by different readers. Some will insist on an apparent spontaneity, an abandon as a necessity of the lyric, others on a microscopic analysis of the flying atoms. The first are the traditionalists of emotion; the latter are determined, at any rate, not to be the fools of it. For myself I think that self-consciousness is an effect—not necessarily a defect—the cause of which lies not in any personal eccentricity but in the time. When all beliefs are in question, it is natural that emotions nursed in them should be subject also to inquiry . . . even though inquiry beggars them. Whether poetry, progressing through such beggared emotions, retains its royalty, I leave to the readers of these two books. They are at least very honest books. Mr. Brown sees life as possibly a harlot, possibly not, and is convinced, in his preface at least, that she is somehow with child of the future . . . “a period of epic affirmations.” His verse is not particularly aware of the miracle. There is something . . . and it is good.

“ . . . —and this my child
that shall be nothing of the begetting world,
rising, see him : defends he, upright, called !
whom, half believed, I breathe him—see him, rising
with lustless eyes who beckoned me and smiled.”

“ Jonah ” is I think the finest expression of his particular viewpoint ;

“ How be the end of it,
peace from it ; time when I
never care more to know
vain grain of faith that I may
as I breathe no more, see
my me, immortal, illumine the sky ? . . .
I, dying by Ninevah ! . . .
and in this but dream of me,—
like a divinity—feel I restore
Ninevah living . . .

Mr. Pudney sees no good in modern life. It is an evasion of the major issues externalised till man seems but a facade of himself. . . .

“ Fellow man, happy at day's end, fire's border,
it is to you, unwelcome I come a hinter,
searching, intolerable in your order. . . .
. . . I demand uncomfortable lovers,
refusal of willing arms. . . .
. . . Now may your hands achieve
not the scramble for safety, the half down blind,
but a bleak tryst out at the mouth of the estuary.”

In a curious play, he brings very modern Magi—the Broker, The Mortgagee, The Ace . . . kings of their time, “ three who fear but have no other quality ”—to

see the future baptized in the blood of its father, Joseph an Agitator. In "Open the Sky" there is a real reflection of a decayed civilization :

" Speaking of God our daylight drains away,
and our dispirited voices in the empty spaces
drain in discussion of activities for May-day.

A thoughtful, not too unhopeful book.

If "Modern Poetry" is really a representative anthology, one must regard Mr. Brown and Mr. Pudney as representative of a very small section of modern thought. The large majority of poets in this book take emotion traditionally. Reading it one becomes aware of the remarkable lack in modern English verse of what Dryden would call "sounding words." Words no longer seem to be born out of sight and sounds. They are more than sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; they seem to be but reflections of reflections of themselves. In the Irish poets represented they seem to retain life and colour; Yeats, Æ, Seumas O'Sullivan, Padraic Colum, James Stephens, Austin Clarke, F. R. Higgins, St. J. Gogarty have beliefs enough in their blood to make words sing. It is a refreshment to come across them: but one is left wondering what an anthology of the next ten years will show.

P. F.

* * * *

THE UNIVERSE AS IT NOW IS

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME. By Sir James Jeans. Macmillan & Son.

The tremendous dimensions of space and the concurrent dimension of time which Galileo presented us with when he invented the telescope have furnished literary pessimists with a very striking rhetoric—it has been used in the later prose of Maurice Maeterlinck and the latest verse of Edna Millay. There is abundance of material for such rhetoric in this authoritative popularization of the cosmogony of the modern scientist. "The universe as it now is" is this—"Vast spaces of unthinkable extent and terrifying desolation, redeemed from utter emptiness only at rare intervals by small particles of cold lifeless matter, and at still rarer intervals by those vivid balls of flaming gas we call stars. Most of these stars are solitary wanderers through space, although here and there we may perhaps find a star giving warmth and light to a family of encircling planets." The idea of order and beauty evoked by the word "Cosmos" fades before such a conception. "The universe as it now is" is not a Cosmos. But the words quoted give only an intimation of the alienness of this universe: in our own particular universe, in the system which a pre-scientific astronomy named the Milky Way—we can only distinguish as points of light one star in 40,000,000. "Thus, for every star we see as a star, there must be 39,999,999 others that are either completely invisible or are mingled in the general faint glimmer of the Milky Way. There are about 2000 million inhabitants of the earth, so that if the stars were equally divided among all the earth's inhabitants, there would be about 100 for each person." Outside this particular universe of ours there are the stars of the "extra-galactic nebulae," the nearest of which are 800,000 light-years away from us. These nebulae are receding in relation to us, and they are receding because space itself is expanding—"with every tick of the clock its diameter increases by at least several hundreds of thousands of miles."

And we once called this a Cosmos! It is no wonder that the rhetoric of

pessimism has been enormously reinforced by the operation of the high-powered telescope; the futility of man's pretensions is apparent in the red light of these receding nebulae. Yet perhaps the pessimists have not got hold of the whole story. The writer of "Through Space and Time" delivered last September an address to the British Association in which he stressed conceptions which may make us less liable to terror and despair when confronted with the dimensions of "the universe as it now is." "Our minds," Sir James Jeans then declared, "can only be acquainted with things inside themselves—never with things outside. . . . There is, in fact, no clear-cut division between the subject and the object; they form an indivisible whole which now becomes nature. . . . It may seem strange, and almost too good to be true, that nature should in the last resort consist of something we can really understand; but there is always the simple solution available—that the external world is essentially of the same nature as mental ideas."

Not all of "Through Space and Time" deals with the dimensions of outer space—most of it deals with our earth, the planets of our own family, the air that surrounds us, the sky above us, the moon, the sun. We get necessary instruction about all these formations and we get it in a way that is highly interesting. We learn, too, about the miraculous contrivances which scientists have developed for ascertaining weight, density, luminosity in those vast and empty worlds. Sir James Jeans is an instance of a first-rate mind that is limber enough to do a good piece of popularization. In this, as in other books of his, he helps us to understand that background which scientists of to-day take for granted. With a genuine power of popularly illustrating the results of remote research he never slips down from the dignity that is inherent in his subject. Once he speaks of "the intellectual darkness of the Middle Ages" and makes us wonder how complete is the culture which permits him, to speak of the epoch of Dante and the great theologians in this conventional way. It is true that compared with the Greeks the mediaeval thinkers were far out in their notions of cosmogony. But they inaugurated a dynamic of thought which has carried us to an awareness of the receding nebulae. It has certainly carried us very far from Boethius's:—

If the high counsels of the Lord of Thunder
 Seekest thou to know with singleness of heart,
 Look to the highest of the heights of heaven,
 See where the stars still keep their ancient peace.
 Never the kindled fiery sun
 Hinders the gliding frozen moon,
 Nor halts on his high way the Bear,
 Nor in the west where waters are,
 And where the other stars go down
 Seeks he his silver flames to drown.
 With even alternate return
 Still Vesper brings the evening on,
 And Lucifer the tender dawn,
 So Love still guides their deathless ways
 And ugly Hate that maketh wars
 Is exiled from the shore of stars.

I quote from Helen Waddell's treasurable "Mediaeval Latin Lyrics."
 PADRAIC COLUM.

THE HEDGE SCHOOLS OF IRELAND. P. J. Dowling, Ph.D. Talbot Press. 10s. 6d.

Ireland is a country whose national conscience is still being defined. To some it is the revival of an ancient glory which was driven down by proscription in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries ; which went to earth to avoid a kill ; and which is come again to the surface in our day. For more of us, it is not an old country but a new one, fathered by Swift and godfathered by Rousseau. It is new. It is raw. It is beginning.

In that view the three figures of our time are the priest ; the politician ; and the petty capitalist. The figures of the last century were the priest ; the politician ; and the policeman who held the ring between the various types of politician. And in the century before that, the Eighteenth, the three figures were the priest ; the poor scholar ; and the planter who sat on them both. So the course of history goes, from century to century, with the priest always to the front, and the poor scholar becoming, or creating, the new politician, and making possible the new bourgeois business-man, he who has replaced the Big House. It is a view which rejects the picturesque notion of a national culture carrying on into modern times an ancient tradition—represented by such a book as Daniel Corkery's *Hidden Ireland*. It is a view which replaces that notion by the idea of popular education producing a new democracy. Indeed, in the view of some—the view expressed, for example, by Frank O'Connor in a recent lecture before the Irish Academy of Letters, it is the first democracy to appear in Irish history, ancient or modern.

Clearly the key-century here is the eighteenth. And the more we study conditions in Ireland in that transition period the more likely we are to solve the problem. When Corkery's *Hidden Ireland* appeared ten years ago it created something of a sensation. It was the first native popular study of the century. And as it came just after the revolutionary period, in which the vision of a revived Gaelic Ireland was a powerful stimulus to us all, it was greeted by a warm acceptance. Which is not surprising, for it is a striking book, written with enthusiasm, and written, what is better, with a profound sympathy for the rag-and-tatter poets of that dismal century. Unfortunately it is, also, highly romantic ; it is focussed so near the picture that it suffers by a lack of a sense of proportion ; so that men whom many of us would be more inclined to call songsters or poetasters are presented as great poets, or, worst of all, presented as part of an ancient culture, of whose nature, quality, social background, development,—if it ever developed ?—and decline, the author, in his eagerness, takes far too much for granted. Since that book no study of the eighteenth century has appeared until just recently when Dr. P. J. Dowling published his book on—to speak loosely—The Poor Scholar.

This book, *The Hedge Schools of Ireland*, is a scholar's book. There is nothing particularly romantic about it ; it is a compilation of the facts, as far as they appear to be ascertainable, with regard to the underground, "illegal," or as they were sometimes called, "unlicensed" schools of the Hidden Ireland. But since it presents all the known circumstances surrounding the efforts of the common people of that Ireland to educate themselves and so to free themselves it is of great interest.

It covers two periods. The first is the wide preliminary period of the late sixteenth century (the dissolution of the monasteries) and of the seventeenth

century, when the work of proscription began under Elizabeth and the Stuarts and came to a head with the Penal Laws under William. The second is the particular field of study chosen by the author—the eighteenth century in which the old Ireland took to the hills. It ends roughly with Catholic Emancipation in 1829, or the foundation of the Board of National Education in 1831, when the modern Ireland begins to show its nose in public for the first time—a Catholic Ireland, an Ireland with the franchise, an Ireland waiting for the next public political leader to carry on the work of O'Connell. As we know, it seemed for a time if it might be Isaac Butt; but it was, in fact, Parnell. Though it was the men who took-up the methods of Tone and the French Revolution who finished what he began.

The essential parts of Dr. Dowling's thorough-going work, are those dealing with the rise of the Hedge Schools, the Hedge School at Work, the standard of knowledge attained by their pupils, the training of the schoolmaster, the school-books used by him, his income, and his social prestige. It is difficult to imagine that they could have been done better. There is, perhaps, here and there something that is not quite the proper detachment of the scholar—an effort to do the best for the schoolmaster and his attainments, a general affectionate siding with the hedge school against all critics. And this leads to over-statement, or what is more disconcerting suggestively vague statements of approval, as when we read (p. 54), "There was a good output of Irish poetry right up to the middle of the nineteenth century." Whereas MacNamara, Merriman and Eoghan Ruadh were all dead by 1810, and as for Tomas Ruadh O'Sullivan, the friend of O'Connell, the level of his verse is very low indeed. And this statement becomes later (p. 70), "The long line of Irish poets imbued with the spirit of the Bardic schools did not cease until well on into the nineteenth century; and the country still boasted of men learned in the language, literature and history of Ireland whose chief occupation was teaching": a statement questionable in the first part, if not incorrect, and elusively vague in the second. So, "there were men who had mastered the difficulties of Old and Middle Irish" (p. 71). But who were they? And how many were they? The only evidence the reviewer has noticed is that of a schoolmaster in Glendalough who deciphered an obsolete inscription "on O'Toole's monument" in or around 1816. Unhappily Dr. Dowling does not seem to have followed up this item, for on p. 126 of the first volume of Warburton he will find that this monument contains only four words of Irish, *i.e.* Mile Deuch, (the date, 1010), and the words, Feuch Corp, meaning "see the body." Not very impressive evidence as to "men who had mastered the difficulties of old and middle Irish?" And one cannot base any generalisation on outstanding men like O'Connell or O'Longáin.

Indeed an extraordinary fact about this education of the Hidden Ireland, and one noticed by Dr. Dowling, is that things Irish formed no part of the curriculum. The tendency was, it would seem, utilitarian to a large degree. Leaving out the study of the classics, explicable on ecclesiastical grounds, one can say, with accuracy, that it was purely utilitarian. The people wished their children to learn English, to learn arithmetic, book-keeping and geometry. "It had rather become the fashion to eschew the language in favour of English" (p. 70). And, quoting Bicheno, a contemporary, "the inducement to study these—arithmetic and geometry—seems to be the practical application of them in

measuring land, which is carried to such minuteness as seems ridiculous . . ." (p. 75).

This, then, is the corollary to Professor Corkery's book. His poets, such as they were, may have lived in an atmosphere of fallen greatness. (It is a sardonic commentary, incidentally, on his romantic account of Derrynane, a Gaelic Big House as he calls it, that Tomas Ruadh O'Sullivan, its protege, must in the beginning of the nineteenth century complain that he teaches for sixpence a quarter!) And to the people they may have been doubly welcome when they were not merely poets but teachers, or—was it the other way around?—not merely teachers, the more important thing, but poets also. But that Hidden Ireland, all about them, was having no Schools of Poetry for their children. They were, for once, standing out to protect themselves, and in the depths of their misery preparing their children for a new kind of battle with the enemy—this time on his own ground. O'Connell of Derrynane took them. He trained them as far as he could. He handed them up a step out of their misfortune. He made it possible for them to dispense with the Hedge School, to enter the towns, to enter the professions, to become Members of Parliament. And then begins that marvellous story of the fight these often uncouth men fought for their rights in the heart of the city of London. They, and with them our great-aunts and great-uncles, who dug the iron roads out of the snows and the rocks of America, our lost and forgotten ones, laid the foundations of the democracy of the Ireland of this day. And if there is nothing particularly Gaelic or romantic or picturesque about it, still it is real as the red earth, and raw as the red earth that produced it.

But there has been enough picturesquerie wrapped about the eighteenth century and it is not well to add even the picturesquerie of realism. One can safely say, however, that here is a book—and it actually takes over a good deal, in its earlier part, from the romantic idea of an old Ireland being carried on into the new,—which, by careful study, offers the material for an intimate picture of one of the most important periods in modern Irish history, the transitional Eighteenth century.

S. O'FAOLAIN.

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CREATION AND EVOLUTION IN PRIMITIVE COSMOGONIES, and other pieces. By Sir James G. Frazer, O.M., F.R.S., F.B.A. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's St., London. 3s. 6d. net).

This volume contains eight essays, lectures, and addresses of which that which gives its title to the collection is the longest and most important. Each exhibits the clarity of thought, and the beauty and simplicity of style for which the distinguished author is noted. A reviewer can do little but praise the work of Sir James; indeed it may be said he can do nothing at all since praise is superfluous.

In the essay on Creation and Evolution in Primitive Cosmogonies the author deals with beliefs concerning the origin of man held by many primitive races, as described by missionaries and travellers. The evidences cited seem to show that while many primitive peoples believe that man is the special creation of a spiritual, or at least superhuman being, or beings, as many hold that he arose by a process

of growth and change which may be called evolution from earlier non-human forms. This is interesting and full of important implications for those whose study is the evolution of religious, or religio-philosophic ideas among men. Sir James does not concern himself with these ideas in this article, having of course covered the same ground exhaustively in his monumental work, *The Golden Bough*. Out of his remarks, however, a few thoughts suggest themselves to me which may have some interest for a few, and even for the author himself if he should read them.

It is admitted by Sir James that certain of the ideas attributed to natives by the authorities he quotes are quite obviously derived from Europeans—are merely corrupted versions, such as a primitive, or childlike mind would naturally evolve, of the biblical story of the Creation. It is a point which may well suggest the query, is there really such a thing as a primitive cosmogony, or anthropogeny originated unaided by the primitive mind? My own belief is that there is not.

During half a lifetime spent in intimate contact with savage and semi-savage races in Africa I made a deep study of their ideas, and have arrived as a result at the very certain conclusion that the beliefs held by natives in general are never the original product of the minds which entertain them, but are always corruptions, or limitations of much higher and more evolved ideas derived from other sources. My enquiries were of course unmethodical, and wholly unscientific, but still they reveal certain definite facts worth considering.

The average African native, who may fairly be taken as typical of primitive man throughout the world does not evolve any new thing, least of all a new *idea*. The ideas which he holds must therefore have come to him from more fertile minds. If the minds were those of his own progenitors it implies, I think that they were much higher in the scale of evolution than he is to-day. If not it means that his race had contact with some more advanced people who imparted to him ideas which he has corrupted into their present forms.

This theory is fully borne out by the facts as I have learned them. In Africa to-day there are races which are degenerating and dying out, but among which abound traditions of ancient greatness and power. There are others, much more numerous, who are rapidly advancing, with traditions of instructors (sometimes called 'Fathers,' sometimes 'Teachers' and similar terms), of a different race, who taught them their arts and crafts and beliefs.

A very common tradition among the Bantu, and other negroid races of the Great Lake region, South Central, and South Eastern Africa is that their 'Fathers' who gave them all their knowledge were *white* men from the North. In Madagascar, and parts of the mainland adjacent the legend describes the instructors as *yellow* men who came out of the sea. All this points directly to contact between the ancestors of these semi-Negro races and civilised races from the Mediterranean, Middle East, and perhaps even India. Apart from their ideas about the origin and inner life of man they have many customs which may easily be traced to higher sources.

The possible existence of an *esoteric* lore among primitive peoples does not seem to have been considered by investigators, although the analogy furnished by India might have led some to suspect it. One does not pronounce upon the Hindu religion from the crude polytheism, and idolatry of the average native, but goes to the Gurus and Yogis for a true understanding. There is in fact

among all African tribes, except those which are degenerating and dying out, an esoteric teaching known only to the class mis-called "witchdoctors," and revealed by them only to their pupils, and to a favoured few among the hereditary chiefs, of which the beliefs held by the common tribesman are more or less crude exotericisations. True, it is exceedingly difficult to gain the confidence of the custodians of this lore. To do it one has to identify oneself completely with the native life. The missionary, upon whom Sir J. G. Frazer and other writers on these subjects rely so largely for their facts cannot by any possibility gain the confidence of the "wise men." He is their natural enemy and rival, and they leave no opportunity pass of deceiving him, and encouraging the common native to deceive him. No European was more loved and respected by both heathen and Christian native as the late Bishop Colenso, yet they did not hesitate to deceive him grossly, as Uzibepu, late chief of the great Mandhlakazi Zulu tribe admitted to me personally with the utmost candour when I challenged him on the point.

As Sir James points out, the opposing beliefs, or theories, of man as a special creation, and as a growth from animal, or other non-human forms, are almost equally prevalent among the common natives of Africa. The same does not hold good however among the class which preserves the esoteric lore. Among the "Wise Men" the doctrine of evolution appears to hold the field; but it is not evolution as the student of Darwinism conceives it. The account which I gathered from four of the most advanced and intelligent of the "wizards" I have known, men of widely separated tribes, and speaking different languages—a Zulu of South Eastern Africa, a Yao of Nyassaland, an Angoni of Tanganyika, and a Barotse of the upper Zambesi country—was briefly as follows:—

Man evolved, or grew out of an animal form, but this was not any animal of earth. It belonged to a 'dream world' through which all beings who live on this earth descend coming from a higher realm still where all once lived as parts of the body of a great spirit. (I use the term spirit for lack of any other to express the idea. Some of my informants seemed to think of this being as a kind of universal *soul* of humanity. Another described it as "*like the sky*, but alive and able to move and think and speak.") The struggle out of the animal "dream body" into human life on earth was very difficult, and needed the help of certain "Fathers" who were white, and appear to have been men, but of this my informants were either uncertain, or else reluctant to speak. The "Fathers" remained with the young humanity and taught and cared for them until at last they could fend for themselves, after which the teachers departed from the land.

This story, which of course had an immensity of detail which cannot be given here, might by the ordinary native be exotericised either as a special creation, or as evolution from animal forms according to his private fancy. I have noticed that those tribes which show most individuality of character such as the Yao, and the Zulus favour the idea of being a special creation, while those like the Barotse and Betshuana of more childlike mentality adhere to the notion of an animal ancestry.

The real importance of the belief as presented does not, to my mind, lie in itself, nor in the way in which the common native may take it, but in the fact that it points most definitely to contact between the ancestors of the present-day

tribes and civilised races who subscribed to some form of the mystery religions common at one time in the Mediterranean regions, Asia Minor, Egypt, and perhaps India, and who passed their ideas, or some version of them to the more intelligent members of the primitive races.

I do not, therefore, believe that there is any such thing as a primitive faith, or cult which can be isolated from older and higher forms. Primitive beliefs such as can be observed did not, and I maintain could not spring spontaneously from the minds which now entertain them. I do not think that there exists any such thing as a purely primitive race utterly isolated from higher contacts. Present isolation is no proof of isolation in the past.

Sir J. G. Frazer, and others who write on these subjects must, of course, take their facts as they are available, they cannot do more. It is well for readers to realise however that the theories presented to them are far from the last word on the matter, and may lose all meaning in the light of more complete knowledge.

P. G. BOWEN.

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FRANCIS THE FIRST. By Francis Hackett. London : William Heinemann Ltd. 1934. Pp. 479. 12s. 6d. net.

I don't like the flaring yellow binding Messrs. Heinemann have seen fit to put on this book : and the index is unsatisfactory. Beyond that I have no fault to find. Mr. Hackett's book is far removed from sensational biography or hack-work of any kind. He has a point of view and the imagination and penetration of a real historian, I do not mean of a "serious" historian, in the bad sense of the word ; the book is not dull, nor confused, nor overloaded. The authorities have been digested and interpreted, not piled up on top of each other. At the risk of being called a Hollywood historian by the superior young man of the *Times Literary Supplement* who thinks "old sport" an inadequate rendering of "vieux galant," or of incurring the contempt of my "serious" historical colleagues, I will dare to say not only that I liked *Francis the First*, but that I consider Mr. Hackett's book an admirable, perhaps the most admirable, introduction to the Renaissance as it affected France.

He does not profess to treat the literary aspect of the reign : had I written *Francis I*, I should have neglected political history for literature, but that is no reason why Mr. Hackett should have done so. What he has professed to do, he has done exceedingly well. He has given us an unforgettable picture of Francis and placed him in his French and European setting. The gallery of the women who surrounded and influenced Francis is, under Mr. Hackett's pen, of incomparable richness in portraiture. Louise of Savoy, his mother, and Marguerite, his sister, stand out above the others ; but the mistresses are not forgotten, nor even the Queens. The circumstances of the birth and early upbringing of Francis, his mother's life under the shadow of Anne of France and Anne of Brittany, hoping against hope for the deaths that would bring her son a throne, are detailed with a wealth of understanding and sympathy that the so-called serious historian does not often, if ever, display. Does Marguerite, as some critic averred,

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outshine her brother? I would like to see a book on Marguerite, the mystic, Neo-Platonist, the poet of :

Mon ame perir et noier
 Or puisse en ceste douce mer
 D'amour, ou n'y a point d'amer.
 Je ne sens corps, ame ne vie,
 Sinon amour, n'y n'ay envye
 De Paradis, ny d'enfer craincte ;
 Mais que sans fin je soys estraincte
 A mon amy, unie et jointe

and who was tolerant of all religious opinion and experience. She was bound sometimes, despite himself, to overshadow Francis in Mr. Hackett's imagination. In any case Francis is inseparable from her.

Mr. Hackett's book is not Hollywood history ; there is no tinge of cheapness or sensation or superficiality : he has thought deeply and imagined well and attempted an interpretation rather than a mere record ; certainly this conscientious and scholarly as well as human history does not savour of the scenario. Only a perversely unjust and deliberately prejudiced critic could see any resemblance between Mr. Hackett's conception of history and the journalistic or cinematic conception : they are as far apart as zenith and nadir. If it is not "serious" to write history with sympathy and understanding, with imagination and humanity, then let us by all means abandon serious history. I have read many minutely documented historical theses : they interest me, but they are for specialists only, for those who can perhaps illumine the dry facts with the light of an inner fire, but they are not for the general reader, who needs his illumination to be provided by the author. Although the documentation is absent from Mr. Hackett's book, and the purity of a beautiful page is not marred by footnotes, the facts are accurate wherever I have tested them, and his information is never invented or out-of-date but always taken from the most authoritative recent "serious" work. He is in an altogether different and higher category from that of some would-be historians it has been my duty and pleasure to rend.

This said in praise of Mr. Hackett's work, I may perhaps permit myself a few extraneous considerations.

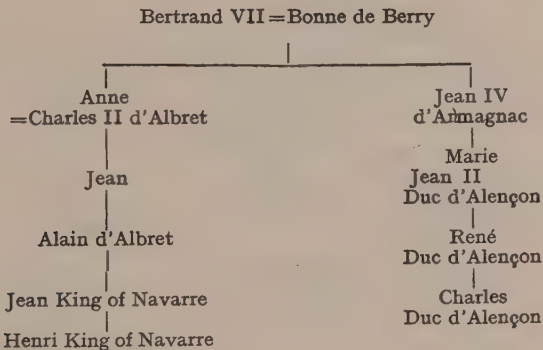
Where did Francis derive his peculiar make-up? From the Valois, no doubt. He was a true Valois. He had the "esprit aventureux et chevaleresque" of his ancestor Charles, that grandson of Jaume the Conqueror of Aragon, great-grandson of Pedro the hero of Muret, and great-great-grandson of Guilhem VIII of Montpellier and Eudoxia Comnenus, daughter of a Byzantine Emperor. Charles "passa sa vie à la poursuite, à travers l'Europe, de seigneuries et de royautes éphémères." He was the son, brother, father, uncle, son-in-law, father-in-law of kings, but never a king himself. Son of Philippe le Hardi, brother of Philippe le Bel, father of Philippe VI, uncle of Louis X, Philippe le Long and Charles le Bel, and, by marriage, of Edward II of England and Caribert of Hungary, son-in-law of Charles II of Naples, father-in-law of the Emperor Charles IV, he married (en secondes noces) a titular Empress and called himself Emperor of the East : he held the empty titles of King of Sicily and King of Aragon, but never actually ruled, unless the office of Podestat of Florence be counted.

But the Valois descent Francis shared with his predecessor Louis XII, although the Valois traits did not show conspicuously in him. It would be interesting to inquire what Francis had that Louis had not, by way of heritage. On his mother's side Francis was descended from the Lusignan Kings of Cyprus and ultimately from Amaury I King of Jerusalem and the Bohemond princes of Antioch, a strange, disturbing and dangerous birthright. His mother was the great grand-daughter of Janus de Lusignan, King of Cyprus.¹ If we trace back the ancestry of Janus de Lusignan, we come to Raymond of Poitiers, son of Guillaume IX Duke of Aquitaine, the troubadour, and the uncle of the famous Eleonore, first Queen of France and then Queen of England, to the Norman conquerors of Sicily, to the Dukes of Anjou, to the Counts of Rethel, to the Comnenus dynasty (once more) in the person of Marie who married Amaury I of Jerusalem, to the Counts of Champagne, who traced their ancestry with one female link to Charlemagne and to the Lusignan Counts of La Morche—a mixed enough bag, of untold possibilities.

The paternal grandmother of Francis was Marguerite de Rohan, daughter of Alain IX Vicomte de Rohan (on this side Francis and his sister were second cousins, once-removed, of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre).

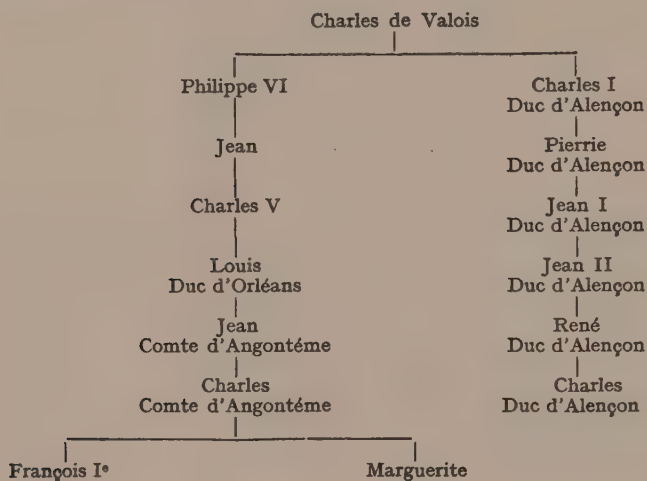
But both Savoy parents of Francis's mother reinforced, also, the Valois strain. Charles of Valois's daughter Isabelle married Pierre I, Duc de Bourbon, whose great great grand-daughter was the mother of Louise de Savoie. Marie daughter of Philippe le Hardi of Burgundy, great-grandson of Charles de Valois in the royal line, married Amadeus VIII (Felix V) the grandfather of Philippe de Bresse.

I should like to note, also, the close relationship of Marguerite d'Angoulême to her successive husbands. They were related to her and to each other. I have referred to the Rohan line of relationship (the closest). Through his father Henri d'Albret was descended from Bertrand VII d'Armagnac. So was Charles d'Alençon.

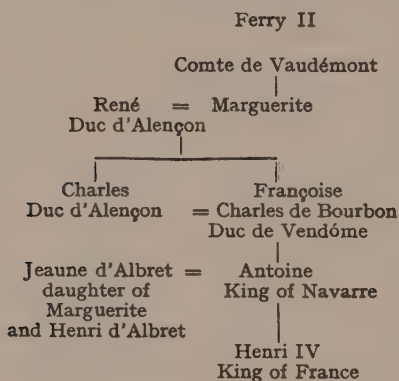


¹ She was also the great-grand daughter of the Anti-Pope Felix V (Amadeus VIII of Savoy).

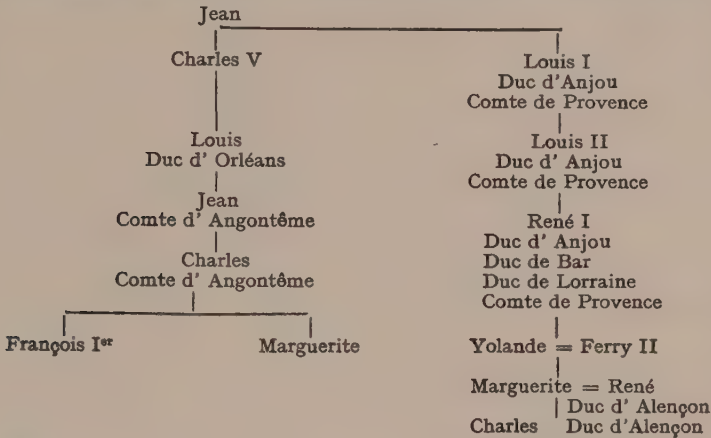
Charles d'Alençon was also a Valois by direct male descent, and thus related to Marguerite and Francis.



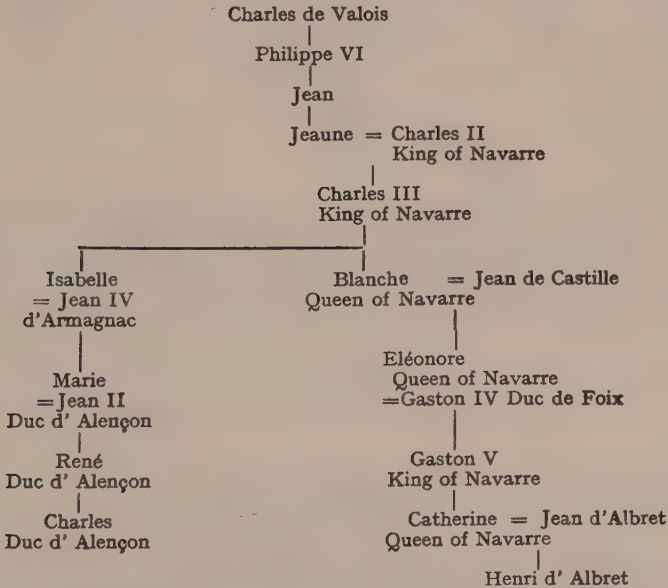
Here is another suggestive little table :—



The Lorraine mother of Charles d'Alençon provides an alternative descent for him from Jean King of France, and thus from Charles of Valois :—

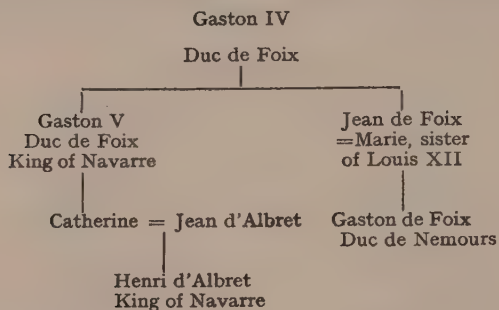


Henri d'Albret was also of Valois descent, though not in the direct male line.

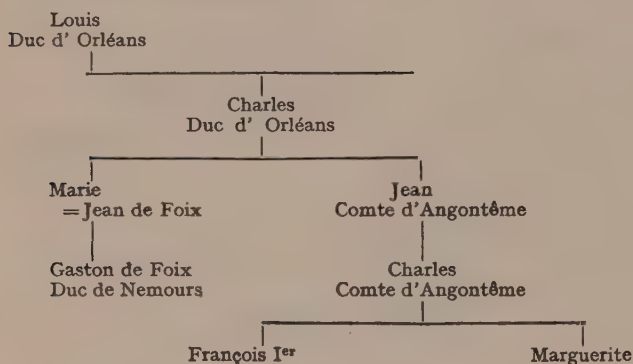


This provides a further relationship of the two husbands of Marguerite d'Angontême

Gaston de Foix, Duc de Nemours, was also related to Henri d'Albret.



and to Francis and Marguerite



Of Francis I, as old Hénault said ; it may be asserted that " il ne lui manqua, pour être le premier prince de son temps, que d'être heureux . . . Les adversités ne firent que mieux déconvrir sa grande âme . . . Il partagea avec Léon X la gloire d'avoir fait fleurir les scieuces et les arts dans l'Europe."

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

* * * *

RICHARD STEELE. By Willard Connely. (Cape. 15s. net.)

" I have for five years sought to know Steele as a human being," says his latest biographer, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Connely has achieved his object. The story he has to tell is written with gusto and humour, but whilst his method is modern, witty and epigrammatic, he never sacrifices truth for mere cleverness. The essentials of a good biography are there ; precision, chronological

order, and the clarity that comes from a thorough familiarity with the subject. Steele is presented with all his human qualities and in relation to his period.

We see him at Bull Alley and Chapelizod, fond of "pudding, potatoes and marbles," and, still a child, dusting the books of his uncle Gascoigne, and improving his knowledge by dipping into the "comely folios on the upper shelves or the crowd of duodecimos on the lower." He goes to Charterhouse, a willing exile, well able to hold his own in the new surroundings, a sombre-robed poor scholar choosing with rare instinct for a companion "a grave, slender boy" named Joseph Addison. From Charterhouse to Oxford, but—"I was sent to the university, but a drum passing by (being a lover of music) I listed myself for a soldier." So, Guardsman Steele, with scarlet coat richly laced, sets off to follow the flag. But even in those days the pen was challenging the sword, and the young soldier was soon showing his talent for pretty verses.

These early days are described with vividness and an astonishing wealth of allusion. The rest of the story is more familiar, but written with a lightness of touch that the ponderous Aitken never knew. The literary and political world of the early seventeenth century which was to engulf Steele as in a whirlpool is a maze which few can tread with an unerring sense of direction, but with Mr. Connely as guide the road becomes clear and the travelling easy. Not only does Steele himself come splendidly to life, but all the great figures of the time—Addison, Swift, Pope, Walpole and the rest—walk the stage again in a presentation that is never less than vivid. No one can lay down the book without an increased personal regard for its subject. Steele emerges a lovable, warm-hearted character, none the worse for his "Irish" qualities (was not his mother an O'Sheil of Antrim?), perfect collaborator in the greatest of dual literary achievements. He had the defects of his qualities, and Mr. Connely does not seek to minimise them, but this re-valuation, wise, conscientious and penetrating, will not take away an inch from his stature.

M. J. MACM.

* * * *

MY PHILOSOPHY by An Unprofessional Thinker. Oxford: Printed at The Shakespeare Head Press, and sold by Basil Blackwell. 7s. 6d.

The author of *My Philosophy* makes apology in his Foreword for venturing into print with his ideas, but hopes that his work may be worthy to be called a small contribution to thought on a deep problem. By remaining modestly anonymous he, presumably, thinks to ensure that his ideas shall be judged on their merits and not on their possessor's repute, or lack of repute. There may be a good deal to say for this point of view, but I, and, I think, most readers approach a work of this kind more sympathetically when we know even the little a name reveals about its author.

The book is a brief one—143 pages in large type. It contains a short Foreword, a table of Contents, and a very full synopsis of the chapters, which are nine in number. The chapter-titles, which are as follows give an idea of the field over which the author's thoughts roam:

I. Introduction; II. Energy, Space-Time Continuum; III. Man as Body, Soul, and Spirit; IV. The Universe as Body, Soul, and Spirit; V. Religion,

natural and revealed, in accord with the constitution and course of Nature ; VI. The Destiny of Man ; VII. The Existence of Evil ; VIII. Ultimate Metaphysics or Ontology ; IX. Theism or Belief in a living God.

In the Foreword one learns that the author regards his thoughts as original, in so far as any thoughts can be original. It is further learned that the book is an attempt to give popular presentation of the subject dealt with in the Gifford lectures delivered in defence of some form of Theism. It is a little difficult to reconcile that which the author professes to attempt with that which he actually does as revealed in his concluding chapter. I think it is not unjust in the circumstances to quote some specially relevant passages from this chapter :

" This is a picture of the Universe as I draw it. Let me recapitulate the broad features of the picture. Our Universe is the Whole Universe, the perceptible, the a-perceptible. It is the Real Universe behind the veil of the passing, changeable flux of things. It is the Real in the phenomenal, the Infinite in the finite, the Unconditioned in the conditioned. It is the Unmanifest in the manifest, the All in all.

This Universe is God and God is the Universe. This Pantheism is not materialism. This God is not a nominal God. It is not a Name only for the sum total of all finite existences in the Universe. It is not an abstraction, it is Real Concrete Being. This Pantheism is the Whole Universe as Whole Being. *It is distinguished by an affirmation of a Wholeness of the Whole.* By the apostle of the Gentiles the idea of Deity as a Supreme Unit-Being, Jehovah, is transformed into a more metaphysical doctrine of Ultimate-Being. There is no clearer or more perfect expression of a doctrine of God, which seems to me to be acceptable to modern thought in science and philosophy, than in the words of St. Paul. Referring to the Christ-God, the mediatorial agent in all creation, ' He is before all things, and in Him all things consist ' (Colossians i.17). Not only do all things hold together in God, but our very being has its being in God. ' In Him we live and move and have our being ' (Acts xviii.18). Life, the Whole Universal Substance is God.

God is a Trinity. There are three hypostases, life systems, or individuals, in the Whole Godhead ; they are body, soul, and spirit. The perceptible Universe of science is the eternal proceeding, going out and giving forth, the offspring, the emanation, the uttered word, the effluence or breath of God. The Universe is God inasmuch as it is the proceeding of God, it is God manifest, God immanent. The spirit is God, the soul is God, the body is God. They are three eternal rays of the Eternal Whole Sun of suns, yet there are not three eternals but one Whole Eternal Reality. The Universe, like man, Body, Soul, and Spirit, is the embodiment or incarnation of God."

In these conclusions so fully and unequivocally stated it is not easy to find the originality claimed by the author. Any intelligent student of Neo-Platonism, Vedanta, or Blavatskyian Theosophy who has made one of those systems his own might summarise his beliefs in a way which barring individual style and choice of words would be identical with this. True, the present author may be entirely ignorant of the systems mentioned, but as he states that his work is the fruit of a wide range of study it is hardly conceivable that he can have missed them,

I find another difficulty also : why does he call his work a defence of "*some form of Theism*" ? True, *Pan-Theism* may be regarded as a form of Theism ; but in common usage the terms have different, and even definitely opposite meanings. Theism is belief in God the Creator of the Universe as a personal self-consciously acting being. Pantheism denies a personal deity, and regards the universe as an organic whole which is divine in essence, exactly as the author here has it. However one need not quarrel with an unprofessional thinker on this point.

The several chapters are very uneven in quality, and indicate that the author is decidedly "unprofessional" not merely in his thinking, but in his mode of expressing his thoughts. The fact that both thought and expression become clearer as the book nears its conclusion gives me the feeling that it was written as much for the purpose of clarifying the author's own mind as for the enlightenment of possible readers. In the earlier chapters, particularly, one finds words strained out of their commonly accepted meanings in an effort to express ideas which appear to be making a difficult struggle for birth. For example, on page 24 we find :

"The root basis of human life is not *consciousness* but *feeling*. So long as I can *feel* I *know* that I am alive." (*Italics mine*).

According to common usage consciousness, and feeling are synonymous terms, so also saith the Standard Dictionary. Elsewhere on the same page the author says that there is "urgent need for a revision of . . . terms, especially of such terms as *conscious*, *subconscious*, *etc.*" Admitting that this is so it does not justify a writer in using words in a way which he, privately, may understand, but which is not the way in which they are commonly used, unless he takes pains to define them exactly, which this author does not. Examples similar to the foregoing are numerous, and make it difficult for the general reader to follow the argument, though the experienced student may sense intuitively the ideas behind which are seeking birth.

A Philosophy worthy of the name must have practical applications logically in accord with it ; if not it remains an empty abstraction. It is when he touches on the practical, as he does particularly in Chapter V (Religion, natural and revealed) that the author is least convincing. It may be obtuseness on my part, but read it as I may I cannot see the ideas expressed as other than flatly contradictory of the philosophy summarised in Chapter IX, and elaborated in detail in other chapters, especially in Chapter VII (The Existence of Evil). The burthen of the argument in Chapter V, if I understand it, though it is very possible I do not, seems to be that "Light" must be established and maintained by physical force, and not, as all Pantheists hold, and attempt to exemplify in practice, by universal love, justice, and tolerance. The argument is supported mainly by militant passages from the New Testament.

"Verily I say unto you, there be some here of them who stand by, which shall in no wise taste of death, till they see the kingdom of God come with *power*" (Matt. xxviii 6, vi. 24).

"But from henceforth shall the Son of Man be seated at the right hand of the *power* of God" (Luke xxii 69).

"And they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with *power* and great glory." (Matt. xxiv 29-31).

These references are construed by the author as indicating that the Kingdom of Christ on earth will be maintained by *physical* force! No one asserts that the spiritual world is *powerless*—much the reverse, but the power is surely not *physical*. There is no mistake here, for our Thinker expressly qualifies the word power with the adjective *physical*.

Pantheism holding that the world is divine in essence, the veritable body of God, denies the existence of evil, regarding it merely as a relative thing, a temporary limitation of the All-Good. Our author does likewise. How then does he reconcile his Pantheism with belief in good bolstered up by *physical* force? If his Pantheism means anything the "coming of Christ" can mean only the flowering, or full manifestation of its essential spiritual nature in the world. With this evil simply vanishes. Where then the need for *physical* force? Chapter V. might be the production of a modern Fundamentalist of Cromwellian leanings, not of a Pantheist. I case I am doing him injustice I quote the concluding paragraph from this Chapter.

"The impression left on the mind from the scriptures of the New Testament seems to afford some warrant for the prediction that if the Millennium comes on earth it will be by the co-operation of the strong nations in the display of overwhelming physical force, when the Messiah of the Nations shall establish the World State, and rule from the domain of the air, and 'the Ether of Space'."

If that is his philosophy, well and good, but why call it Pantheism? It is a flat contradiction of Pantheism. It is just possible however that it is meant to be a sarcastic, or cynical hit at the ways of the Christian world. I hope so, but if so it does not seem quite in place in a book which professes to be a serious contribution to Theistic thought.

P. G. BOWEN.

* * * *

MY CONFESSIONAL. By Havelock Ellis. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

That there could be no better Father Confessor of Modern Life, its emotions, its intellectual and Spiritual struggles, no finer type of scientific and aesthetic Priesthood than Havelock Ellis, no one, I think will doubt. It was therefore with keen anticipation this book was opened, but I am sorry to say it was closed with an equal degree of disappointment. Perhaps it was because one expects so much. It is a series of short essays on the innumerable letters which he has received from all parts of the world from many different minds confessing their emotional and sexual discordances, or their philosophical or spiritual obscurities. It comprises a very wide range of human interest from child-birth to the problem of sterilization, from Nudism to Eonism, from the Genius of French Art to the Genius of Machine Age. To all the problems presented to Ellis, he replies in the Spirit of Supreme and serene Common Sense, and leaves one with the comfortable impression that there was never any problem at all. I think this truly great and noble man, describes himself in his short and excellent essay on Spinoza when he says "He (Spinoza) combined the nationalist attitude with the religious attitude and put them both on the basis of realism. He achieved a cosmic unity in which a liberated humanity, discarding individual aggressiveness, co-operated in the active vision of things as a whole."

D. H. C.

GENERAL ASTRONOMY. By H. Spencer Jones, F.R.S., Astronomer Royal. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Pp. viii + 437 + 28 plates. (London: Edwin Arnold and Co., 1934). 12s. 6d. net.

This remarkably comprehensive survey of the whole field of astronomical science by the present Astronomer Royal is the second, and completely revised edition of his well known work first published in 1922. Press of official duties on the part of the author has long delayed its appearance, but so rich has been the intervening period in advances of all kinds, not only in theoretical investigations, but also in the vast accumulation of fresh observational data, that the book has had to be almost entirely rewritten. Astrophysics now forms such a preponderant part of astronomical research that the section on the stars has alone been increased from three chapters to five.

This astonishing progress can be attributed to two main causes—the ever increasing refinements in instrumental technique and equipment on the one hand, and the application of the most recent developments in mathematical physics to the interpretation of stellar spectra in all their great diversity, on the other. This is the fascinating story that Dr. Spencer Jones here unfolds for the benefit of the student and seriously interested amateur. Though elementary in many respects, the book cannot be said to fall within the category of popular expositions, calling, as it does, for a reasonable equipment in the way of mathematics and physical science on the part of the reader.

Considerable compression and judicious selection has been inevitably necessitated in order to keep the variety of topics dealt with within the limits imposed by a single volume, but the author has most admirably succeeded in this respect without any undue sacrifice of essential matter.

In an excellent section on astronomical instruments will be found an interesting account of the great Hooker telescope at Mount Wilson, and the various methods adopted of modifying the mirror system and altering the equivalent focal length to suit the different purposes for which it may be required. Here, also, the subject of stellar photometry, both visual and photographic, receives the attention demanded by the immense importance of accurate and consistent photometric determinations in astronomical research. No mention is made, however, of a very recent technical development that promises to be of great significance. This is the surfacing of mirrors for reflecting telescopes with aluminium in lieu of silvering. The aluminium is deposited in an exceedingly thin and uniform film by a process of evaporation in a very high vacuum, and the results appear to have been extremely successful. Such aluminized surfaces are not only immune from tarnishing, but have actually better reflecting powers than silvered ones towards the region of the ultra violet. Also they are more adherent and less liable to damage.

In Chapter X the account given by the author of the photograph of the planets in light of different colours from the infra red to the ultra violet and the information to be inferred therefrom calls attention to the increasingly exacting demands made by the astronomer of to-day on the resources of the photographic research chemist. Grainless emulsions of the highest speed, sensitive to any selected range of wave length in the visible spectrum—and even beyond, at either end are now called for, but with the discovery of the optical sensitizing

properties of the cyanine group of dye stuffs the chemist has proved himself equal to the task.

The subjects of lunar, terrestrial and planetary orbits, also eclipses and occultations are adequately and clearly dealt with with the minimum of mathematics, but space forbids any further detailed reference to the many topics discussed in this book. The author concludes with a section on the fascinating problems of stellar cosmogony and evolution—as yet a somewhat controversial field of enquiry.

With the completion of the great 200-inch telescope, now in course of construction, it may be surmised however, that a fresh chapter in what is surely the most aesthetically satisfying of all the sciences will open. For this mighty reflector with a light gathering power more than fourfold that of the largest now in existence should probe the depths of space twice as far as has hitherto been achieved. Many theoretical speculations should then receive definite confirmation or else be shown to require modification following the great additions to existing observational data that will then be made available.

Outside the domain of astronomical science as such, but raised ever more insistently by its own inherent progress remains the ultimate problem, left for the epistemologist and philosopher—the relation between the findings of science, as a consistent body of knowledge and the underlying reality. B. L. J.

* * * *

MUSIC Ho! A STUDY OF MUSIC IN DECLINE. By Constant Lambert. Faber & Faber. 10s. 6d. net.

Books on both music and philosophy are often intimidating to the layman because of their formidable barrage of technicalities, but this study of the position of music to-day, and the various movements and tendencies which have contributed to its present state, is written with such clarity and good sense that it should prove invaluable to the ignorant but interested outsider. The author has none of the typical musician's narrowness, and one of the chief merits of his work is its grasp of the interrelation of music with painting and literature, and the able synthesis of the tendencies of art as a whole at various periods. As his title from "Anthony and Cleopatra" implies, Mr. Lambert's view of the contemporary musical situation is a depressing one, for the present age like Cleopatra most evidently prefers billiards! "Never before has there been so much music-making, and so little musical experience of a vital order." The public as a whole prefers canned noise on tap, to concerts, and the cinema to opera, and the composer of to-day finds himself in a musical counterpart of Eliot's "Waste Land." His immediate precursors, Debussy, Stravinsky and Schönberg having forced technical experiment to its utmost limit, no further revolt is possible; so he has turned to pastiche or plagiarism, and to jazz. Mr. Lambert most evidently prefers the latter, and finds more hope and vitality in the better jazz composers such as Kurt Weill and Duke Ellington than in the aridity of the antique-fanciers whether of the neo-classic or folk-song schools. One of the author's most important theories is that music inevitably flowers from the social and spiritual background

of its period, Mozart's operas for example being the exact counterpart of the life of his day, and Wagner's "Tristan" the musical reflection of the passionate individualism of the Romantic movement. To-day in Europe a hopeless standardisation prevails, a lack of any profound spiritual life, a mechanical robot existence which is mirrored in what the author calls "the busy and colourless music" of Hindemith and his followers. Sibelius seems to be the one composer of more than temporary importance. His "is a world of thought free from the paralysing alternatives of escape or submission . . . he is the greatest symphonic writer since Beethoven and the most original." But do not judge him by the hackneyed "Finlandia"!

There are excellent and illuminating passages on musical impressionism, sur-realism, exoticism, and nationalism with particular reference to Glinka the Russian composer whose influence was more far-reaching in its effects than is generally known.

The qualities of vigour and sensitiveness which Mr. Lambert brings to his orchestral conducting are reflected in his literary style. The same sort of infectious mental exhilaration is felt by listener and reader alike. He is both sane and entertaining, and his humanistic view of music, as an art which synchronizes head and heart, thought and emotion is a welcome change after the purely intellectual abstraction which has proved to be the sterile ideal of many modern critics.

M. G.

* * * *

THE HUMAN DAWN. By J. Redwood Anderson. Oxford University Press : Milford. 5s. net.

There are two kinds of philosophical poetry. In one a philosophy is expounded in verse ; in the other it is expressed in myth. (Cp. *The Testament of Beauty* and *Hyperion*.) Mr. Redwood Anderson's new book is a fine example of the second type. He re-interprets the story of the Garden of Eden. Adam, exiled by the consciousness of his individual self, "mitigates his exile through Love." In the lull of quieted passion, he discovers the universe of thought. "Man knows himself as one with Race, and through it, with the profound Being of the World." "In Cain, the sense of self sharpens to the sense of value for self," Pride takes the place of love, and in killing Abel, Cain severs himself from Race. At the end of the poem, Cain returns from exile, regaining Paradise through remorse, and appeasement is made between the One and the Many.

This summary of the poem's argument is unjust to Mr. Redwood Anderson ; for although his philosophy is profound, he is primarily a poet. The poem can even be enjoyed without reference to its philosophical content, because the philosophy is completely transmuted into poetry. Written for the most part in a blank verse which has new and beautiful rhythms, the poem itself is simple, sensuous and passionate. The fault of some of Mr. Anderson's early work, a thinness of texture, is here completely eliminated.

There is occasionally a slight (and perhaps inevitable) incongruity between the experience of Adam and the thoughts which the poet gives him ; but, in spite of this, the poem is such a perfect blending of thought and imagery, that quotation cannot give a full idea of its power.

The following extract from one of Eve's soliloquies will exemplify the metrical subtlety and brilliance of descriptive power displayed throughout the poem :

... the very silence
takes to itself a body and creeps close . . .
... a parrot
shoots a green fire of meteoric wings
from dusk to dusk. The carved topaz
that was a lion moves and becomes flame ;
the carved agate that was a crouched tiger
moves like a flame waking in black embers. . . .

The pages are starred with fine phases which lose half their beauty when they are detached from their contexts. The poet describes dragonflies :

hung in an ecstasy of poised delight,
bronze pendants in the listening ears of day.

A more dramatic passage describes how Eve

held the wounded apple to his lips.

There is a great contrast between the two parts of the poem. When Cain is exiled, the descriptions and the imagery express the changed atmosphere :

Full of trouble
the forest's voice was everywhere : it seemed
almost to welcome Cain—as when old hate
yields to a sudden tenderness, and each
upraids the other, yet, for companionship,
endures it rather than be again estranged.
Boughs muttered misereres, trees nodded
remorseful heads, leaves beat their breasts sighing,
and far away a sudden gust of wind
went through the thin shrubs crying like a hurt thing.
Evening drew on, and like a lingering death
the pale light faded

Few modern poets have succeeded in writing a satisfactory long poem. Some fail in the "Fundamental brainwork"; others lack narrative power; others again leave us wondering why they have not written in prose. *The Human Dawn* has none of these defects. At one time there seemed a danger that Mr. Redwood Anderson would fail to achieve his potentialities through his very fluency; now he seems to have curbed his magnanimity and loaded every rift with ore. This is a noble poem.

KENNETH MUIR.

* * * *

TIME STANDS. By William Kean Seymour. Gollancz. 6s.

William Kean Seymour's *Time Stands* is remarkable for lucidity of expression and technical efficiency in traditional verse forms, for rhythmical free verse of clear imagist quality, and for the revelations of a mind still healthily youthful, sensitive to truth and beauty. Against that merited praise it is necessary to

state that the book is uneven, that traditionalism sometimes becomes mere antimacassar old-fashionedness, and that fine poems are marred by the intrusion of tinsel, the dingy and commonplace, and even, strange to say, the awkward. Mr. Seymour hovers all the time between the surprisingly good poet and the mere competent litterateur.

But the book has another curious baffling quality. It seems to read considerably better before noon than at sundown and after (when most of us read verse) and perhaps this is because it is a little lacking in subtlety, in shaded light, in suggestive half tones. It is a sunlight book, a daylight book, rather than a twilight, lamplight or study book—though there is the strange, exceptional, poem, *The Hill*, which rather contradicts such an assertion. But the collection throughout is full of tantalising contradictions, occurring even in one and the same poem. So that you can say of the sonnet *Beauty* that it is at one and the same time a very good poem and a very bad one ; for it is perfect in its movement and avoidance of sonnet artificiality, but bad in regard to its conventional, reminiscent wording.

Striking too is the frequent imagist quality of the volume, by no means confined to the free verse, which flares out all over the place, as, for instance :

They saw a desolate aviary where sad ravens
Hopped like galvanic deans in ruined yards
Where all the light came from a golden pheasant.

though it is also true that some of the imagery is unsatisfying and inadequate, and does not seem to have come out of the same brain.

One of the best of the dozen really good poems in the book is "Ghost in Garden," where the forlorn lover expresses dissatisfaction with Beauty robbed of a permeating presence, seeking to recreate the Past by invocation :

This way, blanched phlox, this way, dim mignonette,
She trod this path,—do you so soon forget
How in a charmed obeisance your frail heads
Bent in the air where still her phantom treads ?

Roses moon-pale, how scarlet-proud you were
When the wind rustled in the sighing fir
And swayed the tall snapdragons in the sun.
If she is dead, think you her soul has gone ?

Mr. Kean Seymour's attitude to life and art is summed up in such lines as :

Let not your eyes
Be filmed against the seeing of shining things
By smoke of custom.

It is to be feared that itch-eyed modern rebelliousness against smoke of custom (which also too frequently discards the light behind the smoke) will prevent many readers from fully enjoying all the fine things with which *Time Stands* abounds.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

SELECTED POEMS. By Charles King. St. Catherine Press (London). 4s. 6d.

Mr. Charles King (who is perhaps specially known as a translator from the Sanskrit of an Indian love-poem) dedicates his selected poems to Roy Campbell, a not unfitting dedication, for the book is full of crimson colour and brass-band splendours, such as :

Shall we not rise, and in that starry hour
Hurl all the palsied idols of our ire
Down from the bloody-cushioned seats of power.

It is also full of strange words, capital letters, half baked modernisms, threadbare traditionalisms, jewelled exuberance, pompous nouns and epithets, and the symbolism of the ancient mythologies. But Mr. King's fervours and ardours bristle with resonant, electrifying couplets and stanzas ; though his slight leanings to modernism are declared in the opening poem :

We fain would paint with brimstone and with gall,
And forge a fierce new beauty from eclipse.

But his vision and courage are captivating ; and words addressed to others might faithfully record the volume's contents :

Thalassa ! here is courage like the tide,
And vision like the sunlight on the sea.

As samples of his arresting pomp and flame take :

The hallelujahs of the tides
That surge and sing at Being's core,

And :

Horsed on the Sinai tempest, we
Trample God's bannered nights and days.

And as samples of his simple intellectual felicity admire :

My heart is sick with love and raw with pain.

And :

Though the stiletto of the smiler slay me

The book is rich with colour, symbolism, movement and imagery ; and it is a pity that it contains so much violent platform rhetoric, and so many verbose passages of the character of :

But candent all the hearth of the soul is,
Shekinah'd with Eternity.

It is also a pity that Mr. King should try to hang himself with the faint praise that damns ; for the dust cover is strewn with the opinions of fellow poets and literary men, most of them of not the slightest value. Bernard Shaw's " The versification is competent " in the light of that distinguished prose dramatist's wooden blank-verse is nearly wicked enough to destroy Yeats.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

A REPRESENTATIVE MODERN ANTHOLOGY.

MODERN POETRY : 1922-1934. Compiled by Maurice Wollman. The Scholar's Library, Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

Youth to-day is not only sitting admiringly at the feet of youth but also grubbing darkly in the soil and rubble, and throwing things at the innocent grey heads of Middle and Old Age. One of its most prominent shepherding critics recently headed a review of poems which included AE's *House of the Titans* with the insulting title "Tamed and shabby tigers,"—proving himself thereby to be nothing better than a shamed and tabby house-kitten that ought to have its tail trodden on.

Mr. Maurice Wollman's anthology ignores all that kind of schoolboy nonsense, and seeks to give a fair survey of English and Irish poetry by old and young since the year 1922 ; and he has been so determined and honest that he has managed to squeeze in over a hundred poets, allotting to them from one to six poems each. The volume under review is the third and revised edition at half-a-crown, containing a rather scathing preface on the trend of Modern Poetry, short critical definitions of over thirty poets, copious notes, and short biographies. Among the Irish poets represented are Yeats, Austin Clarke, James Stephens, AE, Seumas O'Sullivan, F. R. Higgins ; and among the English ones are both squatters and coilers. Edith Sitwell, who says she took an early dislike to simplicity, rubs shoulders with Davies and Shanks ; the disciplined Redwood Anderson treads on the toes of the primeval Lawrence ; T. S. Eliot pushes his spasms and protoplasms into the satirical ribs of Siegfried Sassoon ; Cecil Day Lewis is sandwiched uncomfortably between Arthur Salmon and AE ; Herbert Palmer discharges a freezing blizzard over an unusually lovely poem by Sylvia Lynd ; and John Gawsworth (the youngest poet in the anthology) jostles Edwin Muir for the initial laurels of the book. Austin Clarke is represented by some of his early work, poems of exquisite though baffling beauty (even copious notes do not entirely clear away the difficulties) and W. B. Yeats by two good poems and two bad ones, revealing his veneration of the Past and jealous admiration of the latest Modernist offal. Despite twenty or thirty bad or indifferent poems and a few unfortunate omissions it is altogether a very interesting and honestly compiled anthology, containing, too, some very beautiful and unusual poems.

LIAM O'FLANNAGAN.

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SPANISH RAGGLE-TAGGLE. By Walter Starkie. Frontispiece by Arthur Rackham. John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

Raggle-Taggle described Dr. Starkie's adventures, grave and gay, in Hungary. In this book Dr. Starkie, still a minstrel, brings us to North Spain. His experiences among the Spaniards were more varied than in Hungary, where (if we remember rightly) but for a visit to the castle of a great Hungarian noble he confined himself to gipsies. In *Spanish Raggle-Taggle* Dr. Starkie has applied his excellent gift of observation to all sorts and conditions of people and things. If he played in the streets for food and bed and enjoyed the hospitality

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of brigands, he also stayed in monasteries, called upon men of letters and politicians and held colloquies with Jesuits. The book is as good as the last, which is to say that it is an absorbing and pleasurable book. Dr. Starkie's pages have eloquence, charm and erudition; his narrative achieves variety and yet is held together by a prevailing mood of humorous romanticism. If objection must be made it is Dr. Starkie seizes perhaps more often upon the obvious than upon the remote and suggestive; but at all events when he has hold of the obvious he treats it with a gusto which disarms criticism. Of his anecdotes we like best that of the pretty girl at Biarritz whom he supposed to be an example of the good French burgeoise. Chivalrous as always Dr. Starkie took the young woman for a somewhat boring promenader on the beach, but was rewarded with, "*Fichez—moi le paix—sale especè de maquereau*". Some of his reviewers think that Dr. Starkie should have inoculated himself against Quixotic madness before proceeding to Spain; but had he done so he would have missed many delightful and edifying situations such as this. Interspersed in the light entertainment will be found some interesting comment on the modern life of Spain. Politics proper are eschewed; but if we hear little about the Second Republic, we hear much about the movement of ideas and the growth of humanism which have brought about the recent changes. Dr. Starkie is personally acquainted with many of the leaders of Spanish thought, some of whom were formerly exiles under the Monarchy, others now exiles of the Republic and, when occasion arises, he reproduces the varying points of view of the intelligentsia in regard to the problems of the natural life with sympathetic skill and kindly insight.

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OUTLINE OF ENGLISH PHILOLOGY, chiefly for Irish students. J. J. Hogan, M.A., B.Litt. Educational Company of Ireland. 3s. net.

Philology in its narrowest sense is one of those branches of knowledge that only rarely inform life. Prosody is another. Folk-lore, by which I do not mean folk-tales, but the science thereof, is a third. One can be enthralled by a philologist, it is true, as one can be enthralled by any man possessed by knowledge—for the philologist is more commonly possessed *by* than *of* what he knows—and one can be persuaded that without him certain other knowledgeable men such as historians, whether of literature or peoples, would be far less knowledgeable than they are. It is an unhappy profession. The philologist helps other men to a better understanding of human things without ever understanding these things any the better himself. The best that can be said for the unrequited man is that he usually has a powerful sense of the continuity of things.

So, in America I found that there was no use in asking, in Anglo-Irish, for "milk"—they gave me meat; if one wanted milk one had to demand "mulk." In London I liked to be waked in the morning by the milkman's cry that was like a bird in double note—"Mi-ulk"—as one might expect a cuckoo to say it. I liked it because I knew that the Anglo-Saxon word was *meolcan*, and that the vowel was broken in an ancient cause. On the other hand, because continuity is not in question, I dislike hearing an Irishman say Darby, as much as I dislike seeing Anglo-Irish "*sartain*" in print. We no more say "*sartain*" than we say

"tarrible." And in the same way no American finds Darby natural. He also, has a tendency to nasalise his vowels so that his r's are all high-moving like ours. What we are inclined to say is "Surtain," and "Durby." As to Americans I remember the words of some Talkie song :

Ring up the curtain
For this much is certain . . .

where the "poet" obviously said, not, *curtain*—but something with a vowel like that of standard English in *many*.

That sense of continuity, and historical effect, is really the gift of the philologist to man. He can tell you by the way you say a word like "think" not merely whether you are a Southerner or a Northerner, not merely whether you are an Irishman or an Anglo-Irishman, but what your probable formative-influences have been, your receptivity to these and other influences, and your probable position in the time-stratification of your country at the moment. If you naturally say "think" with your tongue between your teeth, you are not Irish, but modern Anglo-Irish, or English. If you say "think" with your tongue well behind the teeth you are using a Gaelic sound, and will probably follow it by another effect of Gaelic by saying not "think" at all but a modified form of "thuink." For the Irishman's vowels, again under the ancient memory of a native language always tending to be nasal in quality, are away back in the cavern of his mouth, so that it is not odd but natural for him to say "my hot," and "thot"; or (in a manner never heard in standard English) a word like "noose"—as differently, that is to say, from English "noose" as Irish "cook," or "book,"—in Dublin "buick"—from English "cuk," and "buk." So it is almost impossible for an Irishman to say "no," as an Englishman normally will say it. Even as nobody but a Londoner can say "Soho," which to our ears comes from his lips as "Sow-how."

But even this is not philology, properly so-called. That science of the development of a language is only seen at its proper work when one is studying a given language within close limits of time and space,—Old French of a given area, or West-Saxon-Old-English. And when I take up a little book like Professor J. J. Hogan's *Outline of English Philology* I realise that it is not an outline of English philology, but an introduction to the phonetics, vocabulary and grammar, mainly, of modern English, a language, that is to say, in its latest if not final condition. For which one may be thankful, since not one student in a thousand will profit by the study of historical philology, and all will profit by this excellent conspectus of Standard English, and Standard Anglo-Irish speech as we know it. Philology is at its best, here, where it wakens the mind to a sense of human effort to express itself accurately in language, and to a sense of the obstacles, almost always unseen, set by contemporary conditions to that effort in every period.

The whole of the Anglo-Irish grammar, with which we are familiar in Anglo-Irish literature, especially the drama, well illustrates this. The effect of Gaelic is persistent, sometimes aiding the speaker to express with subtlety a shade of thought not so easily expressible in English, sometimes producing a slovenly sentence, or definite solecisms. Of the latter a peculiar example is, *If I had aknown that*, where Professor Hogan suggests that the old-English prefix *ge-*, (still used archaically in *y-clept*, and correctly in *enough*), is even still retained for

the past-participle. *Take care now you wouldn't fall, for lest you fall*, is clearly from the Gaelic use of the conditional. Similarly, *He looked like a man that would be drunk*. The use of *I do be*, for *I am in the hobit of*, or, simply, *I am*, is equally indefensible. On the other hand reputable writers of Anglo-Irish have standardised, *He had drink taken*, so that one feels that even usages like, *He put his coat on him*, may yet worm its way into Standard English, even as the very convenient *And he walking home, he* etc. has already done so to the extent of, at any rate, being used frequently by English writers of would-be standard English.

When, however, we find a professor already listing such usages we may conclude that the stage of self-consciousness has arrived. So much so that one can already feel the inevitable stasis about to come. For when free speech gets into literature it at once ceases to be free. The printed word becomes the authority and it is only a matter of time before dictionaries of usage impose the seal.

Professor Hogan has in this portion of his excellent book therefore begun a good work from the point of view of scholarship, and a bad work from the point of view of literature—which feeds on free speech. I do not know that all his conclusions are sound. Is *An fear go bhfaca mé é*, accepted Irish? Or, *an fear go gceannuigh mé a theach*? It would also have been helpful to have printed a list of phonetic symbols at the beginning of the book, and since the book is intended for Irish students, to have related them to Anglo-Irish speech. For how many Irish students know the correct pronunciation of a word like "curb"? Professor Hogan need not have feared that his chapter on phonetics is too generous. Hand-books are, on the contrary, always too short, and puzzle by their brevity. What will the unaccustomed student, for example, make of:

"*u*: high-back rounded, as in wolf, bush, pull, pulpit. Every *u* in English long ago became *a*, but in a number of words the influence of a lip-consonant restored *u*. The words having *u* are different in different forms of English."

I very much fear that it will be late night before the conscientious student has unravelled brevities like this. While I should not wish anyone to be caught up by such traps-for-the-interested as,

"Alliteration or head-rhyme was used as a feature of the metrical base in Old English and the other early Germanic languages. It is found also in the oldest Latin verse and in the oldest Irish, which suggests a common poetic technique in the north and west of Europe in early times."

But it is one of the most difficult things to know what to put in and what leave out from a handbook, and it is, no harm perhaps, as Professor Hogan says in his preface, "to lead the student sometimes to the borders of knowledge," even if one might have thought it wiser to concentrate on the purely technical side of language-study, and leave the student to browse, then, at greater ease in a book like Kittredge's *Words and their Ways in English Speech*, one of the most delightful of all such books, or in Bradley or Jespersen. This thankless criticism aside one must admire wholeheartedly the amount of care and observation Professor Hogan has brought to bear on his work.

It is excellently produced, but not in this country. Cannot Irish printers yet rise to a few difficulties in the way of diacritics?

SÉAN Ó FAOLÁIN.

WIND FROM THE NORTH. Joseph O'Neill. Cape. 7s. 6d.

LAND UNDER ENGLAND. Joseph O'Neill. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Irish literature is a thing of infinite surprises. I confess that these two books have been my greatest surprise for a number of years. My first feeling about "Wind from the North" was one of blank consternation at the sheer banality of the theme. Just fancy, a young man walking up Dame Street is knocked down by a motor car and wakes up to find himself back in Danish Dublin in a state of grave discomfort because of his dual identity. His discomfort was nothing to mine. I had the same feeling that I have when someone without a voice stands up and sings "Pale Hands I Loved." And then came the shock. I discovered quite suddenly that the young man's quite improbable social difficulties were being gradually but firmly subordinated to a picture of old Dublin as exciting as anything I had ever read, that the author, forgetting his theme, was building up, touch by touch a wonderful image of a capital on the eve of its destruction. Houses, boats, streets, the river, the mountains, the sea, everything became touched with the magical light of a sunset in time such as overwhelms us on parting forever from a familiar place. The characters down to their very names, were quickened with the same glamour; everything they did or said took on authority, finality.

The cocks were crowing when I laid down the book in sheer exhaustion.

I was rather more wary about my judgments when I saw that the theme of "Land Under England" was even more hackneyed yet, being a journey to the centre of the earth and the marvels encountered there. It was just as well. For Mr. O'Neill's theme, the awful leap he gives before he gets under way, is simply the prelude to a journey into the imagination just as intense as "Wind from the North" though of quite different quality. And here I saw how wrong I had been about "Wind from the North." I had taken it seriously as a picture of Danish Dublin and praised it to my friends as such; you know, a historical novel, helps you to understand a period; a pity the author didn't knock away that absurd scaffolding of fantasy. Of course it isn't a historical novel, any more than "Land Under England" which is a one long nightmare, is a picture of any possible slave state. It is simply a parallel world of dream which Mr. O'Neill is exploring for his own pleasure; it is the Paradise of which "Land Under England" is the Inferno, and when I had finished the second book I sat back, took a long breath, and wondered how many more worlds of the sort there are in the author's mind. Is there, as I suspect, an infinity of them?

I hope it is not too much to expect that some Irish publisher will produce school editions of both. Certain children of my acquaintance will certainly read them, for the grey hairs are not yet so thick that I cannot realise what a treasure they would have been to me twenty years ago.

Considered as literature for adults or children nothing like them has come out of Ireland—not at least since the seventh century.

FRANK O'CONNOR.

NOT I, BUT THE WIND . . . Memoirs of her Husband by Frieda Lawrence. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

It is to be presumed and hoped that this is the last book about D. H. Lawrence by women anxious to write about their association with a man of genius now that his back is turned. For it cannot be said that the sum total of these personal scribbles have done much to increase the reputation of a writer whose life seems to have been converted into an Odyssey partly to escape from his friends.

Mrs. Lawrence's contribution chiefly covers ground already made familiar. Dorothy Brett, Mabel Dodge, have had their say; now it is her turn, and she explains that the people who thought she was not a suitable wife for Lawrence were quite wrong. Her part was to act as a shock absorber, a shield before Lawrence's quivering awareness. He himself writes passionately to his mother-in-law during a temporary separation:

" . . . a man doesn't want, doesn't ask for love from his wife, but for strength, strength, strength. And the stupid woman keeps on saying love, love, love, and writes of love . . . "

How far Mrs. Lawrence succeeded in fulfilling the role assigned is not for us to judge. Their life together seems to have been something of a war; on his death-bed he asks her, " Why, oh why, did we quarrel so much ? " and she answers, " Such as we were, violent creatures, how could we help it ? "

On the other hand she showed an admirable capacity in uprooting herself from place after place, in remaking home after home in that extraordinary and frenzied search for an abiding place on earth. As we know they hurled themselves from Florence to Mexico, from Mexico to Australia, and back again, all to the cry, as he writes to his sister-in-law, " No peace on earth. "

It is these letters, chiefly to his mother-in-law, which are the most valuable part of an otherwise egotistic book. They illustrate Lawrence's generosity—they are generally accompanied by a gift of money—his natural sweetness of disposition, and, needless to say, his power to evoke a scene or place in a few pen strokes.

N.H.

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THE SEALS. By Monk Gibbon. Cape. 7s. 6d.

There are times in the individual's life when one's perceptions seem clearer than the normal; when everything which happens or is seen appears to be invested with a significance which links common incidents to the central mystery of life. Such an experience happened to Mr. Monk Gibbon during a holiday in Donegal, and this book is the outcome. Here we have thirty-six hours in a poet's life. He himself summarises their fruit best when he says towards the end:

" I looked back over the thirty-six hours which I had just lived. A fine day, sunshine, the warm friendliness of earth had roused me for a few moments into a joyous self-identification with life. A few hours' shooting, the sight of the slaughtered seals in all its crudity, had brought about a diametrically opposed realization, the feeling of man's separateness, of his enmity with nature. Each realization real, each unreal in its ephemerality.

It is this eternal problem of Oneness and Separateness which underlies all Mr. Gibbon's reflections, often about matters a long way from seals and seal hunting. What he does is to give us a landscape, a boat scene, the figures among others of the English family with whom he goes fishing, and they are illumined by such an extraordinary sensibility of observation that things trivial in themselves are reflected *sub specie aeternitatis*. For this reason a memorable book is made out of a few trivial incidents. It comes to us with an understanding letter of congratulation to the author from Æ.

N.H.

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NEW FICTION

ROUND TRIP. By Don Tracy. Constable. 7s. 6d.

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION. By Thornton Wilder. Longman. 7s. 6d.

A LONDON STORY. By George Buchanan. Constable. 7s. 6d.

DEAR WERE THE DAYS. By Hubert Quinn. Talbot Press. 3s. 6d.

To read *Round Trip* is to enjoy the same experience as sitting through one of the swiftest kind of American movies, say *Stop Press*. We do not indeed so much read this book as we are shot through it. Eddie, who tells the story, is a newspaper photographer, American: camera-man, who was raised bad and early to know about life. "When I was six I knew how a woman was built, and when I was fourteen I knew why they were." A page or two later, "When I came out of Elaine's house, I was on my way to becoming a first-class pimp." *Round Trip* is of the genre of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*: it hurls facts on us, and doesn't stop to labour the point. So far so good, but actually it wears its rue with a difference. The publishers give the difference away themselves when they say truly: "*Round Trip* has been compared to *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, but it is less cruel and more poignant. . . . *Round Trip* excels in human sympathy and human heartbreak."

This is precisely the trouble. Almost—mostly, of course, he will—Mr. Tracy gets away with the heartbreak. But underneath the manly starkness of the story we find the old human ingredients. Eddie, though gifted with a heart of gold, is debauching himself with an excess of rye and dames; he meets a good woman, marries her and, lo, a miracle is accomplished. Then heartbreak enters. The wife and child ("The Little Guy") are killed in a motor accident. Back Eddie goes to the gutter. But he doesn't stay there. Eddie's a good guy. To quote:

"Sure," I said. "I've been in this racket too long to let something like that throw me. It's over, and I'm back at work. It's like a vacation. A guy can't be that happy for long. He has to take it when it's over and get back to work."

"Sure," Heath said. "It's going to heaven on a round-trip ticket."

"Yeah," I said. "With stop-over privileges at hell on the return trip."

This keeping the upper lip stiff touch is pretty, but is it Art? Hardly, perhaps. Nevertheless one hands it to Mr. Tracy. He can put his stuff over.

This is what another American writer, Mr. Thornton Wilder, author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, fails to do. George Brush is a young and hefty American who passes his time between selling school books, and endeavouring to save souls. He is more efficient at the first than the second, for his methods and manners are of the most uncompromising evangelical sort. He is quite sure that a woman who smokes and drinks cannot go to Heaven; when he sees a new blotter in the hotel smoking-room, he has to print on it, "Thou God Seest Me." He also has notions about voluntary poverty and banking which get him into trouble with more conventional souls. As he explains, "I didn't put myself through college for four years, and go through a difficult religious conversion in order to have ideas like other people's." George is always explaining himself, and some of the contacts he makes, notably when he is introduced to a house in which he never saw so many good-looking and nice girls before are funny enough. But Mr. Wilder seems to have sunk between two stools. Brush, with his kindly and innocent heart and his ultra dense head becomes a figure of farce; as if to restore him to significance his creator puts him through Doubt, and he loses his faith in religion. But Brush without his religion is nothing at all, and, apparently seeing this, Mr. Wilder leaves him in a hasty and confused manner.

Mr. George Buchanan's story, though a trifle naive, impresses by its sincerity. There are two brothers, John the bad brother, Nicholas, the good brother. The bad brother is a ruthless go-getter, one of the shining ornaments of publicity attached to Lord Flowerfield's giant stores; Nicholas, being of a more detached and whimsical frame of mind, does not succeed in taking his duties with such seriousness and enthusiasm. So he gets dismissed, and there is a moving account of his experience as an out-of-work in London.

Once, again, however, a good woman saves the day. Phillida is indeed a charming person, and Nicholas with a humble job enters upon contentment. Meanwhile, showing that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, John has fallen on evil times. He has married a gold-digger, a wife whose one idea is a husband who should be kept up to the mark. His domestic life is so harried that his efficiency is reduced some hundred per cent., and he, too, is dismissed from the Flowerfield stores. He leaves Beryl, and goes to tell the sad story to his once-despised brother, Nicholas, now passing rich because of contentment in his two furnished rooms Bayswater way. Mr. Buchanan has given us a simplified but deft story.

Disguised or otherwise the moral seems to be creeping back into fiction. But we should have to go back some length in time to find the kindred of the Reverent Hubert Quinn's sketches of a community in the Glens of Antrim. This is emphatically not a book for Bright Young People, nor for highbrows. The language, when it does not echo in a much diluted fashion Holy Writ, is stilted to an unusual degree; its pages of homely humour, very homely.

But some like myself may find it engaging and refreshing to read of the beautiful and modest heroine who, in spite of their great and mutual love, cannot aspire to the hand of the Minister until she has studied abroad for a year or two. Margaret, it should be added, has a voice, and it is pleasant to read of her moving all hearts with her rendering of *Mother Machree* at a village soiree, just as she

reduces the fashionable throng of "a splendid drawing-room" to awed silence! But perhaps the most unusual character is the old schoolmaster who is the hero of the second part of the book. He has resigned the opportunity of a theological career because he once put the temptation of cheating at an examination into his friend's way. Nor does he consider himself worthy to partake of Communion at his meeting-house, and nearly loses his school as a consequence. However, he is able to influence and help one of his pupils towards the Ministry, and his other problem is finally happily settled.

NORAH HOULT.

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BOOKS ABOUT THE THEATRE.

FIRST NIGHTS. By James Agate. London: Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d. net.

COMPANION TO SHAKESPEARE STUDIES. By Granville-Barker and Harrison. Cambridge.

REPERTORY. By Cecil Chisholm. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d. net.

REALISM IN THE DRAMA. By H. S. Davies. Cambridge U. 4s. 6d. net.

THE SOVIET THEATRE. By P. A. Markov. Gollancz. 5s. net.

The week-end comments of the London theatrical productions made by Mr. James Agate are familiar to all who take more than a passing interest in theatrical affairs and many will be glad to have in this volume a selection of the more important articles. Since the series of volumes into which he collected the more permanent of his weekly pronouncements for each year came to an untimely end he has been content with selections covering longer periods, and in this volume he has gathered together his dramatic criticism over a period of four years. If the pristine freshness has been somewhat tarnished *First Nights* does in large measure assist the lingering memory. The zest with which Mr. Agate goes to the theatre is infectious, and he does contrive to transmit some of his enthusiasm to the reader.

This book might serve, indeed, as an outline history of the contemporary stage in London. The criticism which has been selected for permanence is that of the more important plays, so that after the sprightly writing and scholarly discernment of the articles have been savoured and enjoyed the book will still serve as an excellent work of reference. All who know their Agate will recognise the glitter at once (he likes that kind of jest himself) and will enjoy the French complex equally with the leisurely gait with which he proceeds to the criticism of a theatrical production. He loves his sparkle in a column of print, but he strained the polishing process unduly when he alluded to Sean O'Casey's "conglomeration of down-and-outs with heads uniformly bowed and all of them thinking everything bloody." There is more in *Within The Gates* than that, and much more in James Agate.

In *A Companion to Shakespearean Studies* the famous dramatist Granville-Barker and the equally famous Elizabethan scholar G. B. Harrison present a

volume which will provide the ordinary reader with an ideal introduction to the whole range of Shakespearean studies. Readers will probably, and very justifiably, hasten to read first that chapter in which Mr. Granville-Barker himself discourses upon Shakespeare's dramatic art. This essay is itself one of the most perfect things of its kind available, as it succeeds in placing Shakespeare's plays in relation to the theatre, staging, acting, and environment for which they were written. A particular point is made, and acutely emphasised, of the effect upon Shakespeare's women characters of the fact that they had to be played by boys. This delightful and comprehensive essay should be carefully studied by everyone who desires to come to the performance of a Shakespearean play with an understanding mind. The final chapter dealing with "Shakespeare in the Theatre from the Restoration to the Present Time" in a manner completes Mr. Granville-Barker's essay by showing how the conditions altered almost imperceptibly. In this fine chapter Mr. Harold Child also stresses the influence of great producers from Davenant to Sir Frank Benson on the production and acting of Shakespeare's plays. Of the "spacious" days of Elizabeth Mr. G. B. Harrison makes short work, and shows the plays against their historical background of war and political intrigue; and Miss St. Clare Byrne completes the survey with a chapter on "The Social Background" in which she deals with everyday life. The known facts about Shakespeare are submitted by Dr. J. W. Mackail; and Shakespeare and the drama of his day is dealt with by Mr. Bonamy Dobree. Professor Pollard deals in learned fashion with Shakespeare's text, while Shakespeare criticism is expounded by Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. J. Isaacs. Three extremely useful appendices on the age and dramatic activity of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, a chronological table, and a note on the prices of the time, complete one of the indispensable books for all who wish to know something more about the greatest dramatist than a mere visit to a few of his plays.

In "*Repertory: an Outline of the Modern Theatre Movement*," Mr. Cecil Chisholm, familiar as the drama critic of a London newspaper, reviews the newer repertory movement in England as the result of recent visits associated with some kind of theatrical competition. As the result of these visits he concludes that the English cities and towns possessing the best theatrical taste are Birmingham, Liverpool and Croydon. In Birmingham Sir Barry Jackson has been "working at its dramatic sensibilities" for over twenty years; Liverpool has maintained the most consistently high level in productions; and Croydon has given repertory "its most significant recent success". In a sense Mr. Chisholm's book may be said to be a continuation of P. P. Howe's work on "*The Repertory Theatre*," which was published in 1916, and as it covers every phase of repertory work, box-office as well as artistic settings, it will be welcomed by everyone associated with theatrical endeavour. It is a little disappointing that Dublin's two repertory theatres, the Abbey and the Gate, should be so pointedly ignored: the Abbey is now the oldest, and assuredly the most important, of repertory theatres in Europe, and the work at the Gate deserves recognition in a book with the title "*Repertory*." The title really should be "*The Repertory Theatre in England*."

In his book on "*Realism in the Theatre*" Mr. H. S. Davies defines realism as "an effect of approximation to real life as close as is compatible with the nature of dramatic illusion." The definition will be dissatisfying for the obvious

reason that realism in its widest sense is identifiable with dramatic illusion. The conclusion that realism in the theatre is concerned with the communication of truth rather than the communication of pleasure is no more attractive; realism is a technical matter, not a philosophical content. Realism in the sense of recognition and identification is the most powerful of dramatic forms, but Mr. Davies does not explicitly state whether he has recognised this. On the whole this book must be said to be disappointing; its title raised hopes that a dramatic form which is now in receipt of very scant homage would have been explored in all its aspects, but it dwindles to an arid theory.

Every time and again rumours reach Ireland about the immense fertility of the theatre in Russia, and it was with the utmost excitement that Mr. Markov's book on "*The Soviet Theatre*" was opened. Illustrated with the most fascinating series of theatrical pictures that has been encountered for a long time the book signally fails to live up to its pictures. That the theatre in Russia has made tremendous progress since the Revolution will be readily conceded by anyone who takes cognisance of the statistics presented, no less than by the beautiful photographs of actual stage productions; but the pictures and the statistics combined do not reinforce the rather gushing prose. One thing does emerge from the maze of novel words and phrases—it is, that in the Russian Communist State extreme individualism seems to be the dominating influence in the theatre. Meyerhold and Stanislavsky have behind them a whole galaxy of lesser stars, each one of whom is impressing his own individual stamp upon stage productions. The newer forms of "Mass Action" and "Living Newspaper" groups provide playwrights and amateur companies with experiments of unusual interest, which sooner or later will extend their influence to the theatre of Western Europe. This is a very informative and stimulating book, but it might be desired that it had been written with less gush and a closer attention to the definition of the terms used. For its illustrations alone it deserves the attention of everyone associated with the theatre.

A. E. M.

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NOS. 1, 2, 3. THE NEW BROADSIDES. Edited by W. B. Yeats and F. R. Higgins. Musical Editor, Arthur Duff. Dublin: The Cuala Press. 300 copies only. Subscription for the twelve issues: 32s. post free.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the Cuala Press issued their first set of Broad sides, and as these are now no more seen, but are gone hence because of the nimble fingers of collectors, we are indebted to Mr. W. B. Yeats for editing, with the help of Mr. F. R. Higgins and Mr. Arthur Duff, a new series of delightful and highly decorative ballad sheets. Here again are the characteristic and vigorous designs of Mr. Jack Yeats, and each ballad, new and old, is provided with its own tune, all for half-a-crown monthly. Mr. F. R. Higgins is represented by "The Spanish Man" and No. 2 Broad side has Mr. Yeats' lyric "The Wicked Hawthorn Tree" from his latest play "The King of the Great Clock Tower," which was produced recently at the Abbey Theatre with Mr. Duff's music. "The Song of Repentance," an adaptation from the Irish by Mr. Frank O'Connor

is also included, and there are three old ballads, "The Streams of Bunclody," "The Groves of Blarney," and the lovely "Lowlands of Holland" re-written by Mr. Higgins.

The Editors and the artists are to be congratulated on the excellence of these new Broad-sides ; they are works of art to linger over and for which to be thankful to the Cuala Press.

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"LIFE AND LETTERS." February, 1935. London: Constable and Co., Ltd. 2s.

There is a thoughtful article on Archbishop Temple's book, "Nature, Man and God" by Mr. Edwyn Bevan, in this number, and an interesting discussion on the basis of metres in poetry by Mr. G. M. Young, entitled "Tunes Ancient and Modern." Mr. A. E. Coppard contributes a story, "What can I do?" in the supreme ease of a finished style and technique. Mr. D. Magarshack gives much new information about "Soviet Drama," while Mrs. Norah Hoult is represented by a charming and delicate little sketch of mingled fantasy and realism called "One night in a city."